

The
Adventures
of

NED MINTON

A Story of Fact and Fiction

BY

EDWIN J. MILLER,

OF

WHITNEYVILLE, MAINE.

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TO
THE YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS
OF THE
PRESENT GENERATION,
TO
THE COMPANIONS OF MY YOUTHFUL DAYS
GROWN OLD WITH THE FLEETING YEARS,
AND
TO MY SOLDIER COMRADES
OF THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,
THIS WORK IS MOST CORDIALLY DEDICATED
BY THEIR
SINCERE FRIEND AND FELLOW-CITIZEN.
THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

The history of the people resident in the Machias Valley, half a century ago, in a social, industrial, sportive and loyal sense, is full of interest and abounds in thrilling adventures. The object of this little volume is to give a plain and correct account of some of the more important facts, with just enough fiction interwoven to make the story interesting. A glance at the table of contents will show the nature and variety of the subjects. We have indulged in only a few moral reflections but have furnished material for many. E. J. M.

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The Adventures of Ned Minton.

CHAPTER I.

Playing Truant.—Loss of Clothing.—Snaring Rabbits.—Hornets Attack Political Delegation.

SIXTY years ago, in a small country town in Washington County, Maine, Ned Minton first saw the light. His birth was heralded with delight by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Minton, whose numerous children, previous to his coming, had all been girls. When Mr. Minton was informed he had a son, he announced that he intended to educate him in view of his becoming a great man in the councils of the State and Nation and an honor to the Minton family, but he had reckoned without consulting Ned, hence his plans did not fully materialize.

When the boy became about ten years of age, Mr. Minton removed, temporarily, to the sea shore, where Ned would have better school advantages, but, ere many weeks had passed, in the institution of learning, school life became irksome to the lad of adventurous nature; accordingly, one fine morning, instead of taking the path along the ridge to the school house Ned, with his cousin Lew, about the same age, went to the beach to watch and play in the rippling waves as they broke into spray on the glistening sands of the sea shore Ned thought this was much pleasanter than being pent up in the little red school house; yet he was not entirely satisfied and intimated to Lew that the conditions would be far better were they divested of their clothing which hindered them from wading in deep water and splashing freely in that element, while engaged in a game of drive. Lew, acquiescing in this suggestion, they repaired to a flat ledge a few rods distant, and, after removing their school suits returned to the water and flounced and bounced, in the flowing waves, to their heart's content, totally unmindful that each one came a little farther up the shore, until they noted it was nearing the hour for the closing of school, then they concluded they had better dress and return home.

They then noticed for the first time that the ledge on which they had left their clothing was covered with water and that their best suits had gone seaward, driven by the strong breeze blowing from the land. The boys were dismayed at this unexpected event; yet Ned tried to hide his real feeling and, to encourage Lew, remarked that he heard his father read in the Bible, the other day, of a woman who covered herself with fig leaves, when she discovered that she was without clothing, and that he believed that the long, wide kelp on the shore would do as well, and even better, for an outing suit. So saying he wrapped one of them around his body, securing it by a turn of the stem about his neck, and then selected another for his cousin, who gladly availed himself of it, for he was much troubled when he contemplated his condition, and felt anxious regarding the method to pursue in order to reach his home unobserved, for he lived half a mile farther off, than Ned, and on the same road where many of the children were then heard laughing and shouting, on their way home from school.

These boys had played truant at a price which they now fully realized, but they decided there was no better way than to go home and make an honest acknowledgment of their truancy and sub-

mit to such punishment as their parents chose to inflict.

When Mrs. Minton saw the two boys approaching robed in kelp, she felt provoked and started to chastise them; but when she heard the story of adventure and loss as related by the penitent lads, she could but smile, and after due admonition was disposed to forgive her wayward boy.

Lew begged so hard for something better than kelp to wear home, that Mrs. Minton gave him an old skirt discarded by one of her girls; then he started on the run, avoiding the school children as much as possible, some of whom got a view of him as he dodged along the stone walls and hedges, as he made his way partially arrayed in this unique apparel. No one recognized the boy, his body being nude from the waist up and his head without a hat or cap; hence he was regarded as a spright or wood-nymph whose presence was pronounced by the wise ones, an omen of evil.

Ned was not a bad boy at heart as was evidenced from the fact that he did his best to please his mother, never for once disobeying her orders from the date of his truancy to the close of the school term. He was so studious that he reached a rank which met the approbation of his teacher, the commendation of the school board,

and was exceedingly gratifying to his parents.

During vacation, however, his mind was active in devising means and ways for the gratification of his propensity for sport; hence when Hiram Quagley, one of his boon companions, requested him to become associated with him, in snaring rabbits, he readily complied. After getting permission from their parents, the two boys went to the woods, a mile distant, and selected a spot near the highway where they prepared several snares with slipknots on twine attached to spring poles; then they cut yellow birch limbs and scattered about to serve as bait to lure these little animals to their doom.

There was that day, so it happened, a political meeting held in a town twenty miles distant, and a large number of ardent politicians had gone over with teams, of various descriptions, to listen to the speeches and participate in the jollification. Among these teams were four animated steeds attached to a coach crowded full inside, and an improvised drum corps mounted on the top. Just at the time Ned and Hiram had completed their snares, they heard the coach rattling down a hill, about a mile distant, bearing the party homeward. The team was identified by the sound of the drum and fife, which were plainly heard, as

the corps executed the familiar tune of "Old Zeb Coon."

Hiram was not a whit less ardent than Ned in his desire for mischief, and the sound of the fife and drum suggested to his mind a way to produce a lively exhibition at small expense. Hite caught Ned by the collar, gave him a lively yank and then exclaimed, "I say, Ned! there is a big nest of yellow wasps under a causeway out there, which that coach must pass over." Ned saw the point at once, and with his companion hurried out to the place indicated. After providing themselves each with a pole, they waited until the top of the coach came into view, on the hill, when they punched the nest vigorously, several times, then ran into the thick bushes, where they could peep out and witness the result of their work unobserved. Just as the music was being rendered both rattling and screechy, in accordance with the style of country offerings, in those days, and the members of the party, nearing home, were enjoying themselves hugely, the team reached the animated spot where about a thousand angry and belligerent wasps were scooping through the air, in various directions, seeking the miscreants who had dared to despoil their home.

Those four spirited horses that, ordinarily, re-

quired the full attention of the reinsman to hold them in subjection, were the first to receive the charge of the winged warriors. They snorted and shied, then away they went in a wild and uncontrollable run. The next instant those on the top of the coach came into the troubled zone; then the music ceased as suddenly as the lull in a cyclone, and the drums came rolling from the coach to the ditch, released from hands that wildly thrashed and smashed the air, and perchance a little, innocent wasp, engaged in defending his home, an act, regarded by all patriotic people, as the first duty of loyal citizens. The coach soon became lost to view in a cloud of dust, and then the boys, who had been dancing around in forced silence, gave vent to their pent up feelings by breaking forth in shouts of laughter, and performing wild antics indicative that they were more than satisfied with the success of their scheme to participate in the enjoyment incident to the first great political meeting of the campaign.

CHAPTER II.

Ned Minton and Hiram Quagley Netting Pigeons.

WHILE they were engaged in building snares, on the day of the wasp adventure, Hiram Quagley informed his companion, Ned Minton, that he had been to Machias a few days previous and had visited a pigeon bed owned by an old friend of his father, a Mr. Staples, and had seen him take more than a hundred pigeons at a single spring of the net. He said that he had no doubt they could do as well, if they only had a net; for he had witnessed the operation and knew he could make the bed and string the net as well as Mr. Staples, or anybody in the land. "Well, said Ned, "my mother can knit a fish net, and can you tell me what the difference is between a fish net and a pigeon net?" "Oh!" said Hite, "there is no difference at all, except in the size and shape. I know the mesh is just the same, for Mr. Staples told me so." "Then we can have a net," said Ned. "If you can get your father to buy the twine, I can get my mother to knit the net, and we will pay them in pigeons. I know my mother

will do the knitting, if we promise her some birds, because I heard her say that wild pigeons made lovely stews, and then she coaxed father to go out and shoot some."

In due time arrangements were made with Mr. Quagley to buy the twine and with Mrs. Minton to knit the net; then the boys were in high glee. In those days thousands of pigeons flocked over the county, and feasted on blueberries, when they were plentiful, but later in the season, when this plum became scarce, these pretty birds, with glistening plumage, were easily induced to alight on pigeon beds baited with a liberal sprinkling of soaked corn scented with anise.

While the net was being made, Ned and Hiram worked diligently clearing away the hardhacks and heaving up a bed, about sixteen feet square, in a secluded spot, surrounded by scrub spruce and pine crags. They afterwards erected a pigeon stand, near the bed, and a short distance away, they built a brush camp just large enough to crawl into and keep from sight, when watching the birds and awaiting an opportune moment to jerk the line and loose the spring pole attached to the net. The stand was made by boring holes at different angles through a pole and inserting pins, for rests, in numbers and lengths sufficient to

accommodate about two hundred birds. When the pole was erected and set in the cavity dug to receive the butt, it stood about fifteen feet above ground, and somewhat resembled the mast and yards of a ship.

While awaiting the finishing of the net, Ned and Hiram carried soaked corn each day and scattered it over the bed, making the trips at day break, before pigeons were on the wing. They had the satisfaction ere long of knowing that hundreds of pigeons were daily visitors to their bed, and that the bait carried out was greedily eaten in the early morning, while those birds which came later were observed to fly from perch to bed and from bed back to perch, evidently attracted by the scent of anise which remained, though the last kernel of corn had been eaten.

The work on the net was urged on by the boys who were anxious to get as many hauls as possible, before the departure of the birds to a warmer clime, hence the evening of the day on which Mrs. Minton completed the net was spent in attaching weights along the edge, to hold it down, in view of preventing the birds from making their escape, when it was thrown over them. The following morning the net was carried out, and after attaching one side to the bed the remaining

part was folded over and the outer edge connected with the spring pole. A line was then run from the pole to the little brush camp. When the work was nearing completion, one of the boys assumed a position inside to pull the line and spring the net. The operation was repeated several times, making such changes in the arrangement as seemed necessary, until the working was pronounced perfect; the net landing instantly across the bed in a way calculated to trap and hold the birds securely.

The boys then set the net, covered the bed with corn and secreted themselves in the camp where they could view the ground while awaiting results. In about an hour a small flock of pigeons alighted on the stand, and while they were apparently viewing the net, flock after flock flew over, many of them returning to join those which first came, talking, fluttering and struggling for a foothold upon the stand. When they began to descend upon the bed, the boys became so excited that they were tempted to pull the line and spring the net before the conditions were at the best. They could contain themselves no longer, when about two hundred pigeons were vieing with each other in their efforts to get the most corn. Ned then jerked the line and out sprang the net,

landing squarely over the flock, and such fluttering and struggling for liberty was never before witnessed, it is safe to say, by lads so young. The boys rushed from the camp and ran with all their might, but before they reached the net many of the birds had escaped, the weights not being sufficiently heavy to hold it down against the fluttering of so many wings. The boys hearts almost failed them, when it came to wringing the necks of so many pretty pigeons, but there seemed to be no way to accomplish the disagreeable task of killing them so speedily. When it was done, however, they felt relieved of a great burden, for it seemed to be a cruel act however they tried to look upon it.

When the net was folded back, Hiram and Ned viewed the pile of birds with satisfaction and and pride and congratulated one another on the glowing prospects of earning money to open a bank account; for they figured that the pigeons secured at the first haul would net them money enough to pay the expenses of their outfit, and leave a balance sufficiently large to purchase corn to bait the bed for several days to come. While Hiram was engaged in carrying the birds to a near by woods road, Ned ran home and returned with Old Mike, the family horse, to haul their

catch to town. As they drove down the main street, men, women and children came out of their houses and places of business to look at the pigeons. Their success was envied by all the boys and caused comments far and near among the people. Even Pat Murphy in summing up the matter said, "These bies are ividintly distined to become Prisdints or jail birrids, whichsomever it is harid to til."

During the next two weeks the boys made several successful hauls; but after that, the pigeons having taken their flight southward, the net was put aside until the following season.

CHAPTER III.

**The Logging Woods.—Barking Logs.—Snaring
Squirrels.—Shooting Deer.**

NED Minton applied himself diligently to his books, during school terms, until he reached his sixteenth year; then he became restless and determined to engage in some kind of manual labor for a diversion. Hence when Mr. Minton sent his six ox team to the Cranberry Lakes, on township, number thirty, to engage in logging, he gratified Ned in his desire to go and do the barking. Snow did not fall that year in depth, adequate for logging purposes, until the middle of December, consequently the team was not sent to the woods until the sixteenth of that month.

No yarding was done, in those days, and the only timber cut was pine, taken at the stump and dragged to the lake or stream in tree lengths, from forty to eighty feet. After being landed the trees were cut with cross-cut saws into logs ranging from sixteen to twenty-six feet in length, save those suitable for masts, some of which were nearly one hundred feet in length and brought, in the home market, about one dollar per foot,

running measure. The trees were hauled with one end resting on a bob-sled, the hardwood bunk or bar, which supported them, being seven feet in length, eight inches in width and twelve inches in depth, borne up by heavy runners, six inches in thickness and ten inches in depth, and shod with iron shoes an inch or more in thickness. The tongue, which was connected by a clevis and steel pin, to the yoke of the pole cattle, was four inches thick and twelve inches wide, where it connected with the roller, tapering to five inches at the point. This sled, with pole, weighed fully half a ton, yet previous to every trip the team made to the landing, the cattle were removed and the sled was turned by hand. Two swampers, whose duty it was to assist, stepped between the runners and grasping the enormous bar, lifted the sled from the ground, the teamster toting around the forward end, meanwhile holding the tongue straight in air. In order to enable the trees to slip easily over the ground, it was necessary to remove the rough bark and knots from one side, the entire length, save that part which rested on the bunk, and the four or five feet which projected forward. This was the duty assigned to Ned Minton, as barker, and it was not, by any means, considered an enviable job:

for the bark was usually frozen hard, and it required energy and vim to prepare from three to five trees, for each turn, and from eight to ten turns each day. In addition to removing the bark the barker was required to hew a flat surface forming a face a foot wide and about three feet in length, on each stick, to rest on the bunk. Then the trees were securely bound with chains to prevent them from turning barked side up, or from slipping from the bunk. The next spring, when discussing the merits of his work to his school companions, Ned said "This sort of work which blistered my hands and made my back ache was not entirely to my liking; yet I was forced to keep at it to get my turns ready by the time the team came back, bark off and every knot hewn smoothly, just to the teamsters liking, or I would always be measured by his tongue and also by his goad, unless I ran beyond its reach."

The camp, occupied by Mr. Minton and crew, was an old one, which had been used by loggers several winters, consequently all the timber, handy by, had been cut and hauled previous to the operations that year; thus making it necessary for his crew to travel about two miles, to and from their work, in which distance was included the lake, half a mile in width, upon which the logs

were landed from the forest on the farther side. In those days the cook, in addition to his work of preparing the food, was expected to saw all the trees into log lengths, on the landing, clean out the hovel, pick fresh boughs for the bunks, whenever the bushes chanced to be free from snow and ice, and carry the dinners from the camp to the crew in the woods, where he usually built a fire to boil the tea and heat the hash. The fuel for those fires was always dry cedar, small dead trees being cut down to serve the purpose. This wood is more snappy than any other kind found in the forests of Maine, hence when the hash was served it was not an uncommon occurrence to find it contained fully as large a proportion of cedar coals as any other single article which entered into its composition.

When the hash and tea were ready to serve, the cook was accustomed to mount a stump or log and cry out dinner! dinner! dinner! at the top of his stentorian voice, until he got a response from the swampers or choppers, handy by, who, in turn, repeated the call to those more distant, until all had been duly notified. The cook always timed his call to correspond with the return of the teamster with his team after dumping a turn of logs on the lake. When all were seated

around the fire, it was the cook who acted as master of ceremonies by dipping the tea from the open kettle, a pint at a time, for each man, serving the hash and occasionally casting a fresh stick upon the fire. When all were duly served, he usually seated himself upon a stump and eyed the men suspiciously to note if they manifested disapproval of his methods of heating the "snapper hash," as they sometimes termed it. Ordinarily not more than twenty minutes were taken by the crew to eat the mid-day meal.

After dinner each man filled his pipe and with a brand, snatched from the fire, lighted it by drawing vigorously while slowly returning to his work. The oxen, however, were allowed an hour in which to eat their hay and rest; and when hooked to the sled again, were each, invariably, sleepily chewing his cud. The time allowed the leaders to ruminate, however, was of short duration, for they were required to assist in loading the trees, by parbuckling or pulling crosswise on a warp, into a cross-haul or short road, at right angles with the main road, which had been cleared to give them space to make the movement. Preparation for the pull was made by placing a peeled skid beneath the log, one end resting on the ground and the other on the chock behind the bunk; then

the several men, in position, with big cant hooks, gave a canting lift to assist the cattle, when the teamster raised his goad as a signal for them to make the pull.

As soon as the sled was loaded and ready to move, however, all the cattle seemed to know the fact, by intuition, and swallowed their cuds to be in readiness to pull for their very lives, until the load was well out of the brush and deep snow and upon the hard road. The load was sometimes very heavy, making it necessary to get an unusually vigorous pull. At such times the teamster would prepare to urge his cattle by first taking a fresh chew of tobacco, and dancing around wildly. Then he would yell "Wohush! wohush there Bright and Brown! Hus Star! Gee up there, goll darn you, Broad!" meanwhile swinging his goad and whacking each ox, in turn, with his oak stick five feet in length, and bradding them with a steel brad one and one half inches long, held securely in the end of the goad by a wouling of waxed twine along the stick and a brass ring at the end. This unmerciful punishment frequently made the oxen bellow with pain and fright; then with their eyes bulging from their sockets they strained and tugged at the load, going so slowly at first that the movement was almost inperceptible.

On reaching the hard road, however, the teamster ceased these flourishes and stopped his team with the one command, "Wohush!" to give them time to regain their wind.

The camps, in those days, were not especially noted for places of comfort, yet there was a certain charm about them, especially for boys. It was a pleasant sight to watch the glowing fire produced by the burning of hard wood logs, a foot through and six in length, lifted slightly from the hearth by stones placed at either end of the huge fire place in the centre of the camp. With the blaze mounting toward the open smoke hole, on a clear, cold night, it seemed decidedly comfortable to sit in the glow, within the walls, and watch the sparks fly upward and scatter among the tree tops, dimly seen through the smoke, nodding and swaying in the evening breeze.

If the dinners were unsatisfactory, the suppers, which awaited the crew returning to camp, tired and hungry, more than compensated for the lack of appetising morsels in the mid-day meal. At no first-class hotel on Fifth Avenue, New York, was ever furnished an article of food more delicious than beans, taken hot from the bean hole, where they had been buried in glowing coals deep enough to

confine the steam, and had remained long enough for the excessive heat to completely dissolve every particle of the three layers of fat pork in the bottom, center and top of the bean pot, which process imparted to them a rich flavor unattainable by any other method known. Those beans, with the hot biscuit from the baker just removed from before the open fire were relished with great zest by the hardy lumbermen, whose stomachs never were known to give a dyspeptic twinge, whatever labor was exacted of them.

After supper the grindstone was usually lifted from the "dingle" and placed near the door of the camp, facing the firelight, where all the axes were ground to a keener edge to lighten the labors of the coming morrow. While this was being done, two at a time, the other members of the crew used their best talent to entertain with story and song.

Jack Strong, head chopper, was a big fisted, jolly fellow, who could eat a quart, or more, of baked beans, at his evening meal, with impunity. This was evidenced by the fact that, following such a supper, he would recline on the boughs of the ground bunk and be lost in slumber, his respirations being nearly as thunderous as a cataract. Ned and Jack were good friends from

the start, and many times when Ned was hard pressed, to get his turns in readiness, Jack came to his assistance and made the bark fly with his keen ax; but he always left the knots for Ned, whose ax was kept in condition to stand in seasons of thaw or frost.

Ned was a little lonesome when Sundays came, for there was nothing in the camp to read but scraps of news papers, a year old, and some advertising bills which had served as wrappers about goods which came from the supply store. After breakfast he looked those over, for a while, and then he went to the hay-shed to amuse himself snaring squirrels with a twine string slipknot hung from a pole. He noticed that these little fellows jumped down to the bottom of the grain barrel, and after filling their mouths with meal, returned to the chime and leisurely stowed it away in their jaws to safely carry to their hole in some far away stub. While they were in the barrel, he assumed a position, at the proper distance, and when they came to the chime he cast the noose, drew it taut, and then gave them a quick surprise by hustling them into a cage prepared for their reception.

By the time he had secured his third squirrel, Jack Strong came from the camp with two muzzle

loading rifles and two pairs of snow shoes, and told Ned that he was going out to try to shoot a deer, that the crew might have some fresh meat, in place of the "Snapper hash," and asked Ned if he would like to go with him. Ned gladly assented, but doubted his ability to make satisfactory progress, on the snow shoes, for he had not yet tried them.

Jack was a deer hunter of long experience and was familiar with all their habits. If a herd of deer was started, he could predict with almost absolute certainty the course they would take, how far they would run and whether they would return or not, calculating all these things from the formation of the land, its growth, the amount of humidity and course of the air. Jack assisted Ned in adjusting his snow shoes and gave him a practical lesson in walking and running on them.

In relating his first experiences in hunting, to his chums, after his return home, Ned said—"The course which Jack took led us straight to a thick cedar swamp, where I took many a header in the snow, while trying to bound over the brush, in imitation of my leader. After we had traveled half a mile or so in the swamp, we came upon a hard beaten trail, evidently made by numerous deer. This trail Jack called a yard, and said it

was circular, and instructed me to travel in one direction while he traveled the opposite way. He informed me that deer would be sure to circle toward me, if I kept on the trail. After advising me to go slowly and keep my eye peeled, he removed his snow shoes and departed as silently as a cat, leaving me to my own meditations, which were not over assuring, for I had heard the wolves howling on the lake, a few nights previous, and had witnessed the signs of their pranks, the next morning, around the bob-sled, as well as the power in their jaws on a cant dog stock, which they had chewed into bits in their efforts to extract what nutriment it may have contained. I plodded along, however, with as brave a heart as I could muster, and shortly my ear caught the sound of deer rushing along the beaten trail. I cocked my gun, scarcely being able to keep it steady, in my great excitement, and as the foremost came into view, aimed, and pulled the trigger. The deer gave a bound to one side of the trail and fell.

I threw down my gun, drew my knife and ran to the spot where he lay. I had put my hand on his head and was about to use my knife, when he gave a struggle, reached forward with his long hind legs, and gave me a punch, with his sharp

hoofs which bruised my ribs and left an impression on my mind of a prowess and vigor, possessed by deer, far greater than I had ever before ascribed to them.

When I had gotten the snow from my eyes, I found my animal had gone, and I was unable to find a drop of blood near the spot where he fell. As I stood gazing reflectively into space, a shot from Jack's rifle brought me to my senses, and I ran for my gun. I tried to reload, in season for another shot, but before the task was half accomplished a number of deer came bounding along the trail and, seeing me, ran away into the untrodden swamp.

Directly Jack hallooed; then I started down the trail and when I reached him I found that he had just removed the entrails from a fine buck which he had brought down by his shot. While I was relating my mishap, he was twisting a couple of withes, with which he afterwards tied together the legs of the deer; then he indulged in a laugh, at my expense, and remarked that I had fired too high, as all kids were apt to do, and that doubtless my bullet struck an antler, the only effect of which was to stun the animal.

He then cut a small pole and ran it lengthwise of the body and between the bound legs of the

deer. We raised the pole to our shoulders and as we laboriously plodded along with the carcass swaying back and forth, I had ample opportunity, before we reached the camp, to come to a correct conclusion why I did not succeed in getting a deer on my first hunt.

CHAPTER IV.

A Snow Storm.—Attacked by Wolves.— Safe at Camp.

IN the logging woods both man and beast are supposed to work through storm and shine, unless it be a pouring rain, and even then it is seldom that the men are allowed to go to the camp, until forced to suspend labor by reason of gathering darkness.

Mr. Minton's team had been in the woods about four weeks, when there came on a very severe snow storm, nearly three feet, piling down and blocking the roads. In woods parlance, "a bob-sled full;" meaning enough to form a smooth surface over the bob-sled in the camp yard, where it was usually left over night. This storm came on unexpectedly, and at a time when the cattle were nearly out of hay. Mr. Minton doubted if his truck team would be able to get in with hay from Wesley, the nearest town, for a week or more, hence he was under the necessity of getting a supply elsewhere to last until the roads became passable. He had a few stacks of meadow hay on Crooked River, five or six miles distant, which he

thought might be reached, and after due consideration, he ordered Jack Strong, his head chopper, and his son Ned, to take "Old Mike" and break a track to the stream, and if possible, haul in a small load.

Ned was delighted with this opportunity to get a respite from barking logs from day-break until dark, for the job had now become somewhat irksome to him, as well as laborious. As soon as he received the order to go, he began shoveling the snow from the horse-sled, while Jack put up the grain for the horse and food for himself and Ned. Then he got two hay-forks, a shovel and an ax, and after lashing everything securely to the sled, Ned led old Mike from the hovel, and in a few moments he was harnessed and on the road to the stream, which lay in the direction of the settlement.

The snow was deep, and the horse floundered along laboriously, stopping frequently to regain his wind, so that when they arrived where the stacks were, it was nearly sunset. Ned loosed the horse from the sled and led him around to the lea side of a stack; then he removed the harness, and buckled on the blanket, for he was perspiring freely. Next he secured him to the foundation stake of the stack, and gave him a liberal feed of

grain, and free access to the hay. Jack then mounted the stack and pitched down about two hundred pounds to Ned, who stowed it on the sled; then Ned brought up the pail of food, and they too ate their lunch, while the horse was eating.

They had scarcely finished, however, when a wolf down the stream, but a short distance away, commenced to howl dismally. In a few moments an answering howl came from the opposite direction, then there began a sound most doleful and terrifying, evidently from the throats of a large and hungry pack. A streak of pallor overspread Ned's face, and as he looked at Jack inquiringly, he uttered the one word, "Jimminy!"

Jack spoke assuringly to Ned, telling him that they need not fear, for they would remain where they were until morning, and with a position on the top of the stack, and armed with their forks, they could successfully defend themselves against a score of wolves even though they were ravenously hungry. It was an easy matter to get fuel, to build a fire, there being plenty of small, dry hackmatack trees, near by, which had been killed several years previous by the flowage of the stream. Jack knew that wolves were usually cowardly, in daylight, hence he began chopping

down the trees, as fast as he was able, while it was yet light. He told Ned that he did not fear an attack until after dark, and to tote the wood to the stack as fast as he could. Ned worked busily. His first poles were canted against the stack, that he and Jack might make a speedy climb in case of need.

In an hours time enough wood was prepared and carried in to keep the fire burning brightly through the night. The job was accomplished none too quickly, however, for the gloom of night was gathering, under the tree tops, and the wolves had closed down near enough for Ned and Jack to occasionally catch a glimpse of their movements and sense their near presence by the sound of their jaws, as they snapped them together, tapping time, as Ned expressed it, to their song, which sounded fearful enough to raise ones hair on end. Old Mike had long since ceased to eat and was snorting and tugging at his halter in his efforts to break away.

While Jack shoveled the snow from a spot on which to build the fire, Ned put the forks and ax on the top of the stack, where they would be in readiness. After fastening the horse more securely, he pulled an armful of hay from the stack and crowded it between the logs, laid for the

fire, and set a match to it. Immediately the landscape lighted up, then even the bravest of the wolves fell back out of sight; but the pack continued to howl even more frightfully than before. Later, in the night, their howls turned to snarls as if they were fighting among themselves; then the sounds became more indistinct and, finally, ceased.

In half an hour an owl began to hoot from his perch on the limb of an old stub, at the further side of the stream, and old Mike contentedly resumed eating, which was taken, by the boys, as an indication of safer conditions.

The danger of an attack having apparently passed, Ned grew very sleepy and began to nod. Jack told him he thought they could now venture to take a nap; so after piling a fresh supply of fuel on the fire, they ascended the hay-stack and dug a hole next to the stack-pole, into which they slid, and in a half reclining position soon fell asleep.

How long they slept they could not afterward tell, but they were suddenly awakened by old Mike, who was snorting and tearing around in greater terror than in the early evening. Jack and Ned sprang up quickly, each grappling his fork and assuming a position of defence. The fire

had burned low and in the dense darkness no moving objects were discernible. Fortunately the smouldering embers were not far distant, so Jack lifted a large fork full of hay and cast it upon the coals. A dense smoke arose followed by a bright blaze. The light seemed to give Ned more courage and he slid from the stack and quickly raked the brands together and topped them with a fresh supply of dry wood. This was scarcely accomplished when it seemed, to Ned, that all the inmates of pandemonium had broken loose; for a dozen wolves, which were within a few feet of old Mike, and were about to tear him in pieces, set up a howl of disappointment more terrifying than any other sound ever heard, by Ned, before. When this dreadful din commenced, Ned dropped the stick which he was about to cast upon the fire, ran to the stack, seized the end of the fork-handle reached him, by Jack, who quickly drew him to the top. The fire was now burning brightly, but Ned had been so thoroughly frightened that he could not be induced to descend to the ground again until the gloom of night had been fully dispelled by the rising sun.

When morning came quietude pervaded the forest, and surrounding country, the wolves evidently having taken their departure. A little

more hay was then pitched on the sled and, after feeding the horse, Ned and Jack lunched on frozen doughnuts, washed down with cold water dipped from the stream.

Breakfast over, they took their forks and visited the spot where the wolves had held their orgy the night before. They found the snow trampled, to a solid mass, and stained with blood. A deer had been killed and the flesh and bones, save the skull, had been devoured. Evidently the flock had fought over the remains, for the snow was tinged with blood from this spot to within a few feet of the hay-stack.

After satisfying their curiosity, Ned and Jack harnessed the horse and started for the camp. When they had driven about three miles, of the way, they met several members of the crew, coming to their relief, with guns and axes. These men said that the wolves had been plainly heard at camp, six miles distant. They were almost surprised to find both boys and horse alive and unharmed, for an old hunter, in the crew, had pronounced the varied tones of the pack indicative of victory over either man or beast.

CHAPTER V.

Sudden Change in the Weather.—A Gumming
Cruise.—Victorious Encounter With
Bears.—Ned Visits Home.

SUDDEN changes in the weather is a frequent and not unlooked for occurrence, in Washington County, therefore no one in Mr. Minton's crew was surprised, on awakening the following morning, of the trip made by Jack Strong and Ned Minton, to Crooked River, to hear the rain pattering down in forceful showers upon the splits which covered the camp, nor, upon going out, were they surprised to find that the warm south wind was aiding the rain in sweeping the snow away, and sending it in a liquid flood to the stream. Notwithstanding that but a few hours had passed since the thaw began, the water had already become several feet higher in the lake, than on the previous morning, and the ice, next to the shores, was covered to a depth of several feet, which made it impossible to reach the body of the lake with a team, from either side.

When Jack learned these conditions, he knew there would be no logging, for several days,

consequently he planned a cruise for gum. He opened his pack and took from it two pairs of climbers, which he had made several years previously. He handed one pair to Ned, who looked them over inquiringly; but when Jack explained that they were to strap to the legs to enable one to climb the body of gum trees, while gathering choice nuggets, from the seams, he understood Jack's object in presenting them to him, and was glad of the diversion. "But," said he, "where are the guns? I'm not going gumming without them." "Why, do you need guns to pick gum with," asked Jack? No! not by a duces sight," said Ned, "but I have just passed one night up a hay stack, and it is too soon to be forced to pass another up a tree, especially as cold a one as this is likely to be, now that the wind has changed. It is dampening to a fellows spirits to pass a cold night on a hay-stack, but that would be a mild affair compared to hanging to a tree by climbers with a flock of wolves waiting below for a fellow to get benumbed from cold and fall into their jaws. Jack saw that Ned's argument was a good one, backed by sound reason, when he allowed his mind to revert to the experiences of a recent date, therefore the guns were taken in the interest of self defence.

Jack led the way straight for a ridge, of old growth spruce, about three miles distant, where he knew they would find the seams, in the bark, filled with lumps of choice gum. When they got among the trees, they found them to be so large that the climbers could not be made available; yet they found a good deal of gum which they reached from the ground. They also punched off some fine nuggets higher up, with long, slender spruce poles cut and sharpened, chisel shape, at the end, for the purpose.

When Jack and Ned started for the camp, late in the afternoon, they each had a stocking full attached to their belts.

On the way home they struck a trail made by bears, evidently flooded from their den, since the beginning of the rain. Ned was determined to follow them and try to get a shot; but Jack said it was too late to think of it until next morning. He had no doubt that they were making for another den, not far distant, and thought it would be better to let them get settled before attacking them.

Nothing was said to the rest of the crew, about the bears, although Ned was so excited over it that he came near telling several times before going to bed. The next morning he was up and

astir early. He had slept but little, and when he did, had dreamed of bears and wolves mingled with other animals monstrous to behold.

After breakfast Mr. Minton set some of his men at work making a new bunk-bar and others were called upon to assist in making a new cattle yoke. One pair of oxen had formed the habit of "hauling off" as it was called, and nothing would break them of it, the teamster said, but to put them in a longer yoke. Ned expected that Jack would be called upon to do some of this work, as he was very handy with tools, but Mr. Minton purposely did not set Jack any task, for there was a piece of timber said to stand on the side of the lake on which the crew were camping, which they could haul during the freshet and land in rolling-tiers, at the upper end of the lake, and he thought that Jack, being head chopper, might like to take this time to cruise this and plan to work his crew here until it was possible to resume work at the former seat of operation. So Jack, who was always known to work for the interest of the team, was allowed to take his own course.

When the men had become busily engaged on the work, which Mr. Minton had laid out for them, Jack and Ned started out, taking the rifles and a sheath knife each. They struck the bear trail

near the point where they came upon it the night before, and after following it for a mile or more, Jack remarked that his prediction that the bears were going to a den which they had occupied before was evidently correct. The bears were manifesting unusual cunning in their method of advancement, thus requiring experience and judgment to follow the trail which at certain points was inperceptible for many rods. At times it was lost in open water, where there were ripples; then, again, faint signs were seen on hard ice. Farther on the bears left the stream and crossed an intervale to the woods, and returned to the stream again, on the same trail, using intelligent methods, apparently, to baffle pursuit. On they traveled, until they came to another intervale, covered with alders flattened down and frozen to the ice, forming a smooth bridge. Here they turned toward the woods, walking carefully on the alders and leaving no mark, save here and there a bit of bark torn slightly by a nail. Jack felt sure this was their last grand move, and predicted that they would find the trail, in the forest, leading straight to the den.

"There is no doubt," said Jack, "but that we will have a lively time when we reach them; but we have this advantage; bears which have been

lying for weeks inactive in a den lose much of their activity and are not so dangerous to contend with." Now you just keep cool, Neddy, and when you shoot, aim straight for the eye, and if they rush for you, retreat lively while loading. If we do this, you need have no fear that the bears will get at us, nor will they get away from us." Ned answered that he would do just as he was told. He was putting on as bold a front as possible, yet it was plain to see that he was somewhat nervous; yet he undoubtedly felt there were more chances in his favor than when the wolves were circling about him in the darkness a few nights previous, when his only weapon was a pitch fork. Also the experiences of that night had created a desire in him, never before felt, to participate in such exciting events.

After traveling in silence, about half a mile further, they halted under the top of a large spruce tree, blown over and lodged about twenty feet from the ground. The top of an enormous, upturned root was plainly visible from the position which they occupied. Jack lifted his finger, as an indication to be cautious, and then pointed toward the root. Ned understood as plainly as though Jack had said in words "They are there."

After cocking their guns, they crept around to the front of the root, where partially in view, lay a large bear, apparently enjoying his morning nap. Jack took aim and sent a bullet straight through his brain. While he was in his death struggle, another bear arose and put her paws upon the body of the dead one, and as she looked about, to learn the cause of the noise and disturbance, Ned took aim and fired a deadly shot. Jack had by this time reloaded and stood in readiness. Then two more bears came rushing from beneath the root, snarling savagely and showing their teeth. They rushed straight at the boys; but before they reached them Jack shot the larger one. The other turned and ran away. Ned Followed, reloading as he went. Jack's statement that bears, long in the den, lose much of their quickness, was correct, for Ned, who was closely followed by Jack, had no difficulty in keeping pace, although the bear was fleeing for her life.

As soon as he had finished loading, he fired, the bullet passing the length of the body without touching a vital spot. This caused Bruin to moan with pain; then she turned angrily to show fight. When she got within a few feet of them, she stood straight, and snarling savagely, beat

the air defiantly with her fore paws. Jack's unerring rifle again spoke, then the fourth and last bear, in the lot, fell to rise no more.

Ned's lips were tightly set until the last shot was fired; then he laughed, shouted, and danced with excitement and joy, until he had given full vent to his feelings. Happy and proud, he turned back toward the camp to report to his father, who became nearly as excited as his son, when he heard what had happened. He assisted Ned in harnessing Mike to the moose runner sled; then they started out, clearing the road as they went.

It was late in the afternoon, when they reached the spot, where they found Jack had been busily at work removing the entrails, and "blazing" a road from the thick swamp to the open growth.

When the team returned with the bears, the crew were much interested in the success of the hunting trip, and declared that the boys stood on a par with Fremont and Carson as successful hunters.

The next day Ned got permission, of his father, to take the game to Machias, where he disposed of the hides and meat for seventy-five dollars. He also received a state bounty of twenty dollars additional.

After disposing of his game, Ned went home to

see his mother and sisters and tell them the experiences of his short trip to the lumber woods. Also his old friend, Hiram Quagley, to whom he gave a most graphic description of all that had happened, and impressed him deeply with the importance of being one of a logging crew, so far away from home. To emphasize this, he showed Hite his money, nearly a hundred dollars, which he informed him was to be equally divided between himself and Jack.

During this interview they also talked with a great deal of enthusiasm of their plans for netting pigeons the coming season.

Ned expected to start back for the woods, in a day or two, and had resolved to carry the crew something for a treat; but, as yet, he had been unable to decide what it should be, for he wished it to be something which would be equally acceptable to all. He had thought of buying a box of cigars, every man in the crew being addicted to the habit of smoking, but, upon consulting his mother, she advised him to take pies instead. She told him that she would make up a dozen each of, mince and pumpkin pies, for him to take back and he could surprise the crew the next Sunday with his spread. She thought pies would do them more good than cigars, and Ned thought

so too, after he had heard all his mother had to say in relation to the poisonous weed. That nearly every man who worked in the lumbering woods, in those days, used tobacco in some form, was not, at all, convincing to her mind that it was not an evil, even if those who smoked it did claim that it was soothing to the nerves and a comfort, when lonely and depressed, and away from home.

CHAPTER VI.

Ned Returns to Camp.—Relates Amusing Incident.—Presents the Crew with Pies.—Booming the Logs.—Preparations to Return Home.

NED Minton was a favorite, in his father's camp, and while at home was greatly missed by the crew. He was of a humorous turn, and often kept the men in good spirits by relating laughable stories of himself and his boy companions. When in school, his best work was performed on the days when the other studies were set aside, and the time devoted to writing and reading essays or compositions. Nearly all the parents visited the school at that time to witness the work of their children. Ned always had something decidedly original and humorous. When he arose to read his composition there was perfect silence, but before he had proceeded far, he was nearly always forced to suspend the reading until quiet was restored; for teacher, pupils and visitors would, by this time, be indulging in incontrollable laughter.

When he returned to the woods, his presence was like a burst of sunshine to the crew. When

they had finished their evening meal, Bill Sabery, one of the swampers, said, "Well, Neddy, its lonely we've been widout ye; and hadn't Si Wagley, who was thrucking beyant us lift us a coge of gin from his keg, we would a had the blues all-together. Now, me honey, can't ye relate a bit av a yarn for our intertainment? Till us something that befell ye, while ye was down amongst the gintry, and till it in yer most illigint way."

"Well, to please you, I will try," said Ned. "Have you fellows ever had the experimental knowledge necessary to impress upon your minds the fact that there are days in one's life, when everything seems to go wrong, from the rising to the setting of the sun? If you have never had such an experience, I can tell you I had, one cold day, when at home. To commence with, I will say—I arose and went to the barn to feed and milk the cows, for mother, who has none too easy a time, with no boy, about the house, to do the outside chores, when I am gone. It was a cold morning, and I wore my mitts, to feed in, but took them off and placed them upon the sawdust bin preparatory to milking. When my milking was done I looked for my mitts, but they had departed forever. I noticed the calf rolling some-

thing on his tongue, which he seemed to treat as a sweet and savory morsel, and, upon investigation, I found that my striped mitts, with the fancy wristers, had been converted into a cud, for that calf to take his first ruminating practice upon. I felt the loss keenly, for my mother had sold a beef cow, to a man who lived in an adjoining town, and I had promised her I would make the delivery that day, and I needed the mitts, for the weather was unusually cold.

Before I started, however, I found an old pair which served me as a substitute. The cow had never been broken to the halter and I had no idea what a dexterous time I was to have. I was bounced around, in my big overcoat, until the beady drops chased each other in quick succession from the peak of my nose. I was stuffy and held on with varied experiences. Sometimes I was snaked along with ever increasing speed, the air producing a ringing in my ears, like the sound of many waters. This was followed by a reversed action which nearly unjointed my neck. Then came the sulks, requiring gentle or forceful persuasion to induce the fitful beast to proceed, and, when she did move, there was no manifest abatement in power or speed. As the sun neared the zenith I consoled myself with the apparent fact

that I was approaching my journey's end, and felt that my troubles would soon be o'er. Imagine my surprise and disappointment, on coming in sight of the house, where I expected to leave my flighty animal, and take my cash, to see the windows and doors securely boarded up, and no one in sight with whom I could pass an inquiring word.

The next house was half a mile further on, but the only reasonable course left me was to proceed. By flighty jumps the distance was accomplished, and I tied my cow to the cedar fence in front of the house, while I gained admittance at the back door, to learn from the inmates that my customer had moved to a place three miles back on the road just traversed.

When I returned to my cow, I found that a serious mishap had befallen her, for she had gotten her head under the fence with a turn of the rope around her neck, at a tension of F sharp, and a sound was issuing from her throat which left no doubt that if relief came not, speedily, she would bid adieu to earthly ties, and her immortal part wing its way to a sphere unknown.

I felt in my pocket for my knife, but again I was balked by fate, for it was not there. I tried to remove the rails, but they were frozen fast. In

my desperation, I seized her by the appendage called a tail, and with one mighty heave ho lads! as the sailors say, I gained enough slack to untie the rope.

The speed made by the cow over that three miles of home stretch, to the place where I made the delivery, could not be duplicated by the swiftest ostrich. After I returned home I subsided into perfect rest until my flesh became easy and my bones had resumed their normal condition.

"Is that the whole of it," asked Bill Sabery, trying to draw him out further, if possible. "Yes," said Ned, "That is the whole of it, I guess, except that to reward me my mother made two dozen pies and sent them up to you fellows by me, because she knew that would please me far more than any other deed she could do. The pies are yours, and to know that my mother made them, is to know that you never ate better ones in your life.

"Well, me bie," said Bill, "howsomiver good the pies bees, I'll hould you for a sixpence that there's divil a wan here but will say the story is bether nor the pies. But your moother is as foin as any Irish leddy in ould Ireland, and the next time Si Wagley laves me a drap of gin, I'll drink her health and so I will.

"You had better not," said Ned, laughingly, "for she doesn't like gin, or tobacco either."

The average conditions for logging, during that winter, were good, and on the morning, of the tenth of March, Mr. Minton announced that he would suspend logging, that night, and commence building his boom preparatory to returning home. The crew hailed this with delight, and early on the following morning began this work with a will. It matters little how late in the season a crew is kept, every man works on contentedly and uncomplainingly, until the word is given to build the boom. That order means home, and no class of men possess a stronger love for home than the sturdy lumbermen, therefore let none be surprised that they sometimes play boyish pranks, in those last days, in which they work with lighter hearts than at any time since beginning labor, in the depth of the forest, the better to provide for the needs of the dear ones dependent upon them.

A part of the crew was set at work cutting long spruce trees, which grew handy to the lake, and as fast as they were twitched into a circle around the logs, by the oxen, others labored on them, scoring, hewing, boring and making thorough-shots and pins, to connect them, and when they

were securely coupled together, a shout of "Home, Sweet Home," rang out on the evening air, followed by a rush to store away the logging sleds and tools, in the hay shed, where they were kept until the following season.

Throughout the evening the woodsmen were busily engaged, in overhauling their packs, sorting out, and casting upon the fire worn out clothing, and useless shoes and boots. The cook also was diligently boiling beef, kneading dough and twisting and frying doughnuts, that the men might have ample supply of food to sustain them while on the two days tramp required to reach their homes.

The teamster, too, spent an unusual length of time in the hovel, carding and brushing his cattle, the good appearance of which, on returning from the woods, did much toward establishing his reputation as a trusty and capable man with the goad stick.

CHAPTER VII.

Team Returning Home is Met by Children.—A
Dance at Marshfield.—The Jealous Lover
Loses His Girl.—Calf Falls Into Curb-
less Well.—Courtship Suddenly
Ended.—Amusing Story of a
Horse Trade.

[N the fifties, the arrival of the logging teams, from the woods, bordering Machias River, at the close of the winter's operations, was an exceedingly pleasant event in the lives of the children. A custom, instituted in the distant past, prevailed, for the children, on learning that a team was enroute for home, to hasten out and meet it, a mile or more distant from the town, and ride in on the load, shouting and laughing, and regaling themselves on twisted molasses doughnuts. Cooks thought themselves ill prepared to meet the wants of the little ones with less than a barrel of those "forrest crullers," cut in artistic shapes, which represented birds, reptiles and animals of various kinds, to the children's imagination. Spruce gum was also in high favor, and it was always a pleasure for those hardy woodsmen to divide, with them, the contents of

their stockings, which was always the recepticle for the gatherings of the winter. Even the parents enjoyed the event, incident to the home coming, and were pleased to sample the doughnuts and share in the merriment.

When Mr. Minton's team neared home, it was met by an unusually large number of children, for Ned was a great favorite with them, notwithstanding the fact that he loved to tease them, sometimes, before allowing them to mount and search the load.

On the arrival of the last team it was the custom, also, to institute a series of dances, the young people of three or four towns joining and holding them alternately. The first dance of the season, in question, was held in Marshfield, in Tiger hall.

The building was but a story and a half in height, and the floor space limited, for so many dancers, hence, when all were assembled, the aperture, at the stair entrance, was closed with a trap door. The music did not begin until the last person, expected, had arrived, and once the dancers had assembled, on the floor, none could enter or retire, until the close, which took place at such a time as the manager chose to appoint. The closing dance was usually a fore-

and-after, in which the fiddler invariably accelerated the speed of the time, the participants shuffling and swinging with all their might, the beady sweat standing conspicuously on their foreheads, and not until ready to collapse did they signal for the music to cease.

Ned Minton and Hiram Quagley were both present and took part in this dance. Among the young men and maidens who came early was Miss Angelia Seeley, a bright and vivacious young girl of Marshfield, who, it was said, loved to flirt with the young men who chanced to become her admirers. Miss Seeley was escorted to the hall by Herbert Holmes, also a resident of this settlement, who seemed deeply in love with her, and jealous of any on whom she designed to bestow a smile or give undue attention. Hiram Quagley, as ever in search of mischief, noticing that Miss Seeley was bestowing as much attention upon Ned as she was giving her admirer, suggested to Ned that he offer to "see her home." As usual, Ned was ready for any fun that Hiram suggested, and to settle the question in advance of others, he tripped across the hall to where the young lady was entertaining some of her most ardent admirers, in earnest conversation, and whispered in her ear, receiving a gracious nod in response.

No one knew the import of his words, but when the dance broke up, Ned was in waiting at the stairs, when Miss Seeley came to descend, and assisted her to the floor. The next moment her arm was locked in his and they went marching gaily away, to the discomfort of young Holmes, who was white with rage.

Not to be outdone, however, he quickly offered his arm to another desirable girl, who smilingly accepted it. Hiram Quagley saw all this and was greatly pleased at Ned's success; but when young Holmes so quickly played his hand, to escape the jeers of his companions, he counted half the victory as lost.

Ned was so well pleased with the young lady, that on reaching her house he readily assented to her request to come in and rest awhile before starting back, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour.

Mr. Seeley, by industry and economy in early life, had accumulated considerable property, and was generous and hospitable with those whom he fancied, but was gruff and forbidding to those whom he deemed careless in their acts or wasteful in their habits. Ned's companions, who had been accustomed to go to Marshfield to dances, and sociables, had been told by Mr. Seeley that they

were welcome to stand their horses in his stable so long as his stock and other property were undisturbed and the stable doors securely closed on leaving.

Ned knew this and took the liberty to hitch old Mike there, also, a circumstance which wholly destroyed his prospect of gaining the parental consent to again visit Miss Seeley, and doubtless changed the future course of his life. The circumstances of the affair were related by Ned, a few days after, to Hiram Quagley as follows :

“Miss Seeley was the first girl whom I ever had the honor to escort home. I had offered my services in fun, but when I came into her presence, all by myself, she seemed so cute and enticing that I fancied I loved her with a deep, strong undying love; the kind which, they say, diverts the thoughts, and makes men blind to the passing of time and events and all things of a mundane nature, save the one prepossessing presence. Thus situated the hour to depart came like the speed of a cyclone. I was so sure that I loved her, that I even dared to snatch a kiss at the threshold, while the twinkling stars seemed to smile down upon us approvingly.

“Don’t laugh at me,” he said, as he caught Hite smiling, “for I had it bad, and was in dead earnest.”

"Then I ran to the barn to loose my steed and hie me home, for day was breaking in the east. In the darkness, however, I could not seem to find him, and my mind being pre-occupied with haleyon thoughts, when my hand came in contact with a rope, to which was attached a valuable calf, owned by my prospective father-in-law, I committed the fatal error of casting it loose.

"But my mind came down with a bump to the common affairs of life, when I heard the quick pattering of cloven feet upon the hard floor; I then tried to regain control, of the timid beast, but before I could do so, he bounded through the open door and headlong into a curbless well, in the yard, from which no amount of help could rescue him from an untimely death.

"You never can guess how badly I felt, for I saw the result of that act as plainly as I see it now, since receiving the little note, from Miss Seeley, dictated by her angry father. I have since learned that Herbert Holmes, who has long been a favorite in the Seeley household, is now reinstated in the affections of her whom I thought I loved, while I am a forlorn outcast before reaching the age of seventeen.

"Well," said Hiram, "I suppose I was the means of getting you into that scrape, for which I am

deeply sorry; but my sorrow will be lessened, if you assure me that you are feeling no worse than you look."

"Oh no!" said Ned, "I assure you I am not feeling any worse than I appear, for I think that I can now see that Miss Seeley was insincere; yet the affair, while it lasted, was duced pleasant. But I guess that is all right. I shall try to forget her, and some day I may find some one else who will appear as sweet to me as she did on that eventful night."

"But, to change the subject, I am thinking of getting Ike Pine to trade off old Mike for a faster horse. Father says that I may, if I will pay Ike, and the necessary boot, out of my bear money. You know I want to go to the Jonesboro Fair this Fall, and I want a horse that can get up and get, as the jockeys say. You know Ike is a great trader, and knows all about horses. Father says these horse jockeys are a necessary factor in the country, to keep in trim a grade of horses which otherwise would become practically worthless, to their owners, and, as a result, would be neglected and nearly starved, thereby increasing their sufferings, in their old age. "Ike says he can fix Old Mike up and make him look as young as a colt." "I heard a jockey, who knows Ike, say the

other day, that when he comes into possession of a horse, worth from ten to twenty dollars, that no surgeon ever examined an applicant for pension, to ascertain his every ailment, with greater care than he does. If there are symptoms of heaves, powders are administered, and his food is prepared on scientific principles to obviate the difficulty. If he has swollen or stiff joints, they are bathed in liniment, and subjected to a course of rubbing, that will reduce the swelling and make them limber.

If he is unable to masticate his food, by reason of the length of his teeth, they are filed until his grinders fit together as closely as those of a young colt. He is groomed and brushed, with the greatest care, and, in short, the horse which, a few weeks before, was hideous to behold, is transformed, and its original value, apparently, very much increased. It is then in condition to successfully exchange for an undoctored animal, of much greater real value, and a good sum to boot."

Notwithstanding the knowledge and craft which he possesses, Ike sometimes gets the worst of the bargain, or can make no bargain at all, as happened recently, when he went to Jonesboro, to trade with old Simon Smidt. Simon was as good

a jockey as Ike, and had had many more years experience, in the business, consequently he knew every trading horse in the land. But Ike, who is not over scrupulous, in the business, counted on Simon's great thirst for the "ardent," whereby he hoped to be able, to obviate much of his shrewdness, and blind him to the defects and great age of the horse which he desired to trade. Ike accordingly got a quart of alcohol, at Coil's, in Machias, which, by watering, he increased to half a gallon, of "split," (as it was called by the toppers,) then, one bright morning, he invited Dennis Holling, the village wag, to ride over with him to give the visit the appearance of chance.

Ike and Den. felt so happy, by the time they arrived, that "Old Simon," as he was called, was able to see pretty clearly that he was to be worked for a trade. He said nothing but sort of cleared his deck for action, as it were, and when Ike began to talk horse, Simon nodded approvingly, in view of being made happy also. After talking awhile, to allay suspicion, the bottle was "fished" from under the seat and was passed around. When it came to Simon, he accepted with apparent pleasure, and, after drawing the cork, and sniffing at the contents, to determine the age and denomination, he took a hearty

draught. The fluid began to work on his brain, then he began to talk, also, and with an object as apparent as that possessed by the jockeys. From now on, the bottle was repeatedly offered and as often accepted; "Old Simon" apparently coming nearer and nearer to the point of trade, and, as the day waned, and twilight began to gather, the alcohol being low, the importunities of Ike and Den. became more impressive. When the bottle was presented for the last time, there being but one drink left in it, "Old Simon grasped it eagerly and, with glazed eyes, gazed at the old horse, for a few moments, then raised it slowly to his lips and drained it to the dregs. The drink was large and made him choke and swallow, but as soon as he could regain his breath, sufficiently to speak, he exclaimed: "Look-a-here Pine you needn't spend your time to tell me any more good pints in that hoss for I knowed him twenty-five years ago, when Crandon, who used to live on the hill, owned him, and I know he was counted a dinged good old hoss then, and if I had a leetle poorer hoss and yourn was a pound or two heavier, and if you and Holling, who seems to be sort of interested in the case, had another bottle of Split, so'st I'd git my jints kind of limbered up, and my trading bump agitated, dinged if I don't

believe I'd be tempted to trade with you." "As the conditions aint hardly right now, I'll just say to you, there's no harm done by talkin', neither is there anything lost, but my time and your spirits, so we'll part good friends."

After delivering his speech, Old Simon, who had been supporting himself by a grip on the tail of Ike's horse, let go to give him a slap with his hand, as a token of recognition, then he lost his balance and fell prostrate on a pile of straw on the barn floor from which he was unable to arise; then, greatly chagrined, the jockeys took their departure for home. "That's a pretty good yarn," says Hite, "but do you want Ike to use that kind of means to trade for you? O, no," says Ned, "I simply employ him to get for me just the kind of horse I want, and I am to pay him a fair price for his trouble, and pay boot to make the trade even." "It is not a matter of money, with me, but I want to know, for sure, that I will have a better horse, and one that can 'wax' that 'Flying Eagle,' owned by that Irishman, Humphry Desmont." Desmont says—"me mare can bate anything with four fate that stips the woruld between Maine and Quabic;" and it would give me more pleasure to set him back than to be reinstated, or rather instated, in the affections of that

Marshfield young lady.” “Well,” says Hiram, “I should like to see you win”—“I mean in the horse race, and, as to the young lady, I trust you will find a better one, some day, if not a more bewitching one.”

“To speak plainly, I don’t think much of a girl who can change fellows to conform to circumstances, with the same ease that she can change hats to conform to the seasons.”

CHAPTER VIII.

Ike Pine, the Jockey.—The Raw Boned Horse and
the Dutchman.—A Surprising Race.—

Hauling a Mast.—Congratulations.

[IKE Pine, the jockey, who was authorized to trade horses for Ned Minton, had been scouring the eastern part of the county in search of an animal that could show a little better than a two forty clip, which was considered fast, in those days. Thus far he had been unsuccessful, and was about to give up and return home when he heard the sound of wheels behind him, as he was driving along. The next instant a team passed him with a speed that left no time to catch more than a glimpse of the horse and driver before they disappeared from sight over a hill. He put old Mike to his best speed and barely reached the top in time to see the team turning into the yard, of a farm house, way along the valley. He drove on as fast as possible, and when he reached the place he could scarcely believe that the shadow of a horse that he saw before him was the same beast that had glided by him a few moments before; yet it was the same. There was no more flesh on the body of the animal before

him than barely enough to form a thin coating between the tightly drawn hide and the sharp and almost protruding bones. His owner, a diminutive, dried up old Dutchman, looked decidedly companionable beside his beast. When Ike drove into the yard the little old man, whose name, he learned, was Jacques Leaderbaugh, came over and patted Ike's horse on the back, asking if he could pull.

"Yes," said Ike, "he can pull a mountain,—a piece at a time. I suppose your horse can't pull; but can he trot?"

"Trot! by gar, no!" answered the Dutchman. "him can't trot shust a little bit; but him can rack, Oh my! You should shust see him! He vill go like ze very devil! Now I wants a horse vat can pull ze plow and ze cart, and if you wants von vat can go, how vill you trade?"

"I should want twenty dollars to boot, to spend in oats, to be used as a flesh builder" said Ike.

"Twenty tollars," said the Dutchman, "by gar! I never hat so motch money as dat, and if you shust give dat horse von quart of oats ven you feed him, by gar! you couldn't hold him for von little vile; but if you wants to swap shust even, for noddings, you can take him, by gar; and he vas young, too. He shust run hissself down on

goot straw; but if you gif him oats, Oh my! I dont vant to be dare."

Ike was reluctant to return home without making an exchange, and as this appeared to be his final chance, he closed the trade, the Dutchman agreeing to give, as boot, a lean, lantern jawed dog, then snoozing on the banking.

The horses were exchanged, and the dog, which Leaderbaugh said, "could catch more deer as neffer vas," was tied behind the wagon; then Ike moved his new possessions toward home. The appearance of his animal was the most unique ever seen, when compared with his ability to light over the ground, of which Ike learned, before he had driven a mile on his journey.

When Ike arrived home and exhibited the result of his deal, to Ned, he thought that Ike had been badly jewed, and when assured that Borneo, the name of his horse, could outfoot the Flying Eagle, he thought it but a joke; but when he had ridden a short distance with Ike, he became fully convinced of the fact.

When it was known that Ned Minton's pacer, Borneo, which had become a noted animal (in looks) from his first arrival in town, was to be pitted against the renowned Flying Eagle for a race on the ice, in the early Fall, certain members

of the sporting fraternity laughed and jeered at Ned, for his folly, but, during these indignities, Ned kept a smiling exterior, but was lavish with his oats, which, day by day, added a ten second clip to the propelling power of his saterized animal.

Concentrated efforts always culminate in victory, and the result of the race between the over confident stepper, Flying Eagle, and the "yink yank speed producer, Borneo," was no exception to the rule. On a certain day when the ice was clear and all other conditions favorable, a suitable purse having been put up, to make the race interesting, the entire sporting fraternity, was notified to appear and witness the race. Three judges were chosen, and also a starter. When a mile had been measured off, the steeds were given the word "GO." From start to finish no one had a doubt of the result of the race, whatever may have been his previous opinion.

That animal of Ned's fairly annihilated space. Chunks of ice flew from his iron hoofs like grape from a Parrot gun, or a hundred pound Columbiard. "By jinks, it was a mixtry." He fetched up his right wing, he fetched up his left wing, he fetched up his center and reserves. He hop-light-ladies and tiptoed-fine from the peak of his nose to the end of his tail. The ice trembled, and the

witnesses danced for joy. Heaven and earth! Sea and land! The air whistled from his sides like steel pointed shot from the walls of an iron-clad. When the poll was reached, Borneo was ahead a distance of more than ten lengths, and received the whoops of the admiring crowd, while his owner quietly pocketed the stakes. Time 2.28.

Shortly after this race there came on a thaw, and masts being needed for a vessel, then on the stocks in Jonesboro, a ten ox team was sent over to Whitneyville, to take a large pine stick, about thirty six inches at the butt and eighty five feet in length, from a raft at the landing, and haul it over on a heavy four wheel cart. The stick was loaded, and hauled several rods; but in trying to cross a soft field, the wheels settled in the mud, and, notwithstanding the assistance of the crowd of men who had gathered, using large cedar rails, as pries, to lift the cart, the teamster was unable to get a uniform pull of the cattle strong enough to start the load. He had tried them again and again without success, and it was nearing the noon hour, when Ned Minton happened along, and seeing the men and the team midway between the road and the landing, he went down. The boss ship-carpenter, who had accompanied the team, to select the stick, had become discouraged,

and was about to order the team removed, when some man in the crowd pointed to Ned and said,—“That lad there will put that stick on the road for you if you will give him a V.” The carpenter looked toward Ned with a doubtful expression, seeing which, the man who had spoken before said,—“I mean it! If any man can do it, he can.” It is well known that certain men hold a mysterious power over dumb animals, and Ned had manifested this power, on occasions, although he was not a professional teamster.

The carpenter, after being thus reassured, walked toward Ned and offered him a five dollar bill, which he declined to take, saying,—“If your teamster, who is acquainted with the cattle, can’t make them haul that stick, it will be entirely useless for me to try, especially after they have been hauling at it for half a day. However, if you want me to, I will give them a pull; but, to begin with, if the cattle pull well, I don’t need but a six ox team. Unhook those four leaders from the string! There now, take those cedar pries from under the wheels.”

When the leaders had been removed, and the pries withdrawn, Ned picked up the goad, and spoke gently to each of the three high cattle; then he tapped them lightly with the goad, and

straightened the line, bringing the four leaders to a taut chain. Then he walked to the off side and touched each ox gently with his open hand, speaking to each in a low tone. Again he went quickly to the near side and, by the time he had reached the pole cattle, his team was treading nervously, every ox apparently ready to pull. Ned then swung his goad and gave them the word to go.

There was not the least hesitancy, every ox came to the bow, the hard flesh appearing in a roll, on either side, to almost hide it from view. Then the two sets of wheels, which were nearly fifty feet apart, began to rise slowly from the deep rut and when the load had gained a headway of two feet Ned, for the first time, raised his voice to a mighty volume, as he shouted the one word "Wohush;" to stop his team. He did not give them more than time to make three inhalations of air, however, before he twirled his goad again, giving that peculiar movement which every ox in his team knew, meant, pull again. Those short, but lusty pulls, were repeated, until the load was squarely on the hard road, and the panting team pointed for home; then a vociferous shout arose, from the spectators, and those concerned with the movement of the mast, most of whom closed

around Ned, shaking his hand and congratulating him in various ways. The carpenter again urged Ned to take the five dollar bill, telling him that his services were cheap at that; but he still declined, to accept, for he was ever ready to serve those who needed assistance.

The four leaders were brought from the field and connected with the team, and as the load was put in motion, every hat in the crowd was lifted in a parting salute to the hero of the occasion.

CHAPTER IX.

A Race Between the Flying Eagle and Ned Minton on Skates.—Visits the Fair.—Canine Sagacity.

THE race between Ned Minton's horse, Borneo and the Flying Eagle, owned by Humphry Desmond, was but the beginning of a series of similar races on the ice, that winter. There were races between trotters, between trotters and rackers, and between skaters and running and trotting horses. The most notable was a mile race between the Flying Eagle, and Ned Minton on skates.

The stipulations were that Ned should circle the horse three times during each mile heat, for three consecutive heats. The Eagle was to be driven under the saddle by Desmond, dressed in a beaver hat, ruffled shirt and linen duster.

The day of the race proved to be a cold one, with a stiff breeze blowing from the north-west, and when Desmond, thus arrayed, made his appearance upon the street, astride his horse, it was the signal for a general turnout, not only of the jockeys, but of the villagers generally.

The announcement of this unique race had been

made several days before, consequently the news of the affair had reached the people in the adjoining towns, a number of whom came over to enjoy the fun, among them, Herbert Holmes and Miss Angelia Seeley. When Ned saw them drive upon the ice, he skated toward them and raised his cap. Miss Seeley, who had recognized him, from a distance, and had been intently watching his graceful movements, as he made quick evolutions upon his bright skates, now forward and now backward, as he cut spread eagle after spread eagle, in the ice, acknowledged his salute with a smile and bow, and a graceful wave of her hand; but young Holmes sat stiffly erect, his attention seemingly afar off. It was evident from Ned's action that he had not entirely forgotten the pleasant experiences of the few hours passed in her society, that spring, and that he did not seek a closer interview was, evidently, the fear of offending her accepted lover.

When ready for the race, Desmont and Ned scored down for a distance of ten rods, side by side, until the line was reached, then Ned bounded ahead and crossed in front of Desmont, making a larger circle than he should. This gave Desmont so great a start, that, before Ned came to the front to make the second turn, the half mile mark

was passed. By this time, Desmont, whose coat was trailing in the wind, as he went streaking through the air, was thoroughly excited, and was bouncing up and down in the saddle, yelling and urging on his horse with whip and spur.

The second turn was made by Ned on a shorter circle, cutting around sharply close behind the mare, coming again to the front, and making the third turn just in season to save the race.

There was loud cheering by the crowd, but no part of the demonstration was so satisfactory, to Ned, as the knowledge that Miss Seeley was tossing her handkerchief, and otherwise making manifest that her sympathies were with him, utterly regardless of the presence of her escort.

Desmont was so thoroughly vexed, by the apparent sympathy for Ned, that he became determined to win, the next heat, if possible. He was excited, and drove back to the line at a speed which gave his horse no opportunity to regain her wind. His friends sought to advise him, but he heeded them not, and whirled his horse, and immediately scored for the pole.

Ned was abreast, the mare, when the line was crossed, and with a few rapid strokes of his skates gained space to pass in front and make his first circle. The mare, by this time, was thoroughly

alive, and entered into the excitement of the race with a clip that made Ned realize that it would tax his best efforts, this time, to win out. The experience of the first heat, however, had prepared him to make his circles with such small loss, in headway, that his three turns were not only made, but he was able to reach the line several rods in advance of Desmont, who came to the pole minus his beaver, and his hair flying loosely, in the wind, in unison with the flapping of the tail of his linen duster.

He was so badly beaten, this time, and was so thoroughly chilled, with the cold, that he hurried home, without stopping to explain why he did not fulfil the terms of the race by trotting the third heat.

In all these sports, Ned cared more for the amusement than for the winnings. At the fairs his greatest enjoyment was found while engaged in hauling oxen in opposition to those brought in, by the farmers, from the neighboring country. These men, like others remote from competition, believed implicitly that their own excelled all others; therefore, when they came to the fairs, they expected to carry back all the premiums, for which they competed; hence it became amusement for Ned to sometimes give them a few practical

lessons, exemplifying his power over oxen. When hauling a single yoke of light weight cattle, attached to a drag, loaded with stones, he was sometimes beaten; but with a large team he seldom found his match. It is generally admitted that any ordinary teamster can make one pair of oxen exert their whole strength; but getting a pull from several yoke in a string is quite another matter. It then requires a man with an innate power over the brute creation, as was ascribed to Ned by those who knew him best.

The seasons were rolling around, bringing to Ned, age and experience. He had earned considerable money, in various ways, and had owned several horses. His last purchase was a fine horse which could travel pretty well, but was not fast enough for the course. He was a handsome creature, however, and Ned's lady friends were ever ready to accept an invitation to take a drive with him. Thus far he had shown no special preference for any of them, and frequently said, when in a joking mood, that he loved them all. Perhaps a little piece of his heart was still beyond the Marshfield hill, yet, none of his friends could ever wring the admission from him, although the girls sometimes bantered him about it.

You will remember that Ned came into posses-

sion of a dog, as boot between old Mike and Borneo, some time ago. This dog was named Skip, and was Ned's constant friend and companion, until he met an untimely death by poisoning. Ned had formed a great liking for him, and sincerely mourned his loss. In speaking of him to one of his friends he said,—“Skip had a great many virtues, not unmingled with vices, I fear, but he seemed to possess almost a human knowledge, and more than human love, as I have found it. He contracted for me, among the neighbors, a great many bills but I always settled them for him, for I felt it was my duty to stand by him.

“Sometimes I took him with me to circle deer, and drive them into the lake, before the falling of the leaves in the autumn; but for the most part, when I was away, he was ranging the streets at will. It is safe to say that no dog in town had so many friends, or enemies, as the case might be, as Skip had.

“Poor Skip had a living to make, and this was no small affair to the dog, who possessed a voracious appetite, or to the neighbors, from whom he pilfered. It is allowed that all dogs have instincts, but Skip's were entirely peculiar to himself. Did a thrifty house-wife, residing on any of the numerous streets in town, bake a batch of

pies, and place them out to cool, Skip was sure to be there just at the time they attained a temperature to swallow at a gulp, though he had not previously been seen in the vicinity for months. Did the children play house-keeping and have a lay out of doughnuts, cake and little delicacies, in a neighbor's hayrick, Skip would trot along, timing his movements exactly with theirs, bound through the slats, 'swipe' the whole outfit, and trot away, sniffing the air for new discoveries. The quality of the food mattered not to Skip. Though he had just swallowed a choice cut of beef snatched from a hook, in a neighbor's shed, and an opportunity offered, the next moment, to steal the accumulations of several weeks' savings, of scraps, known as soap grease, with his long lank jaws, he would scoop up the contents of the receptacle, and swallow it with apparent good relish. Skip never stood around and looked wistfully on, like other dogs, when fish or meat carts came to town, but, within an hour after their departure, he had located the peg upon which each purchase hung, and he knew the habits of each family so well that he was able to time his movements to make his raid a success. Skip had been in his usual good health, up to today, and bid fair to live many years, barring a violent

death, but greed, undoubtedly, was the indirect cause which brought about the termination of his busy life, It is presumed he took a bait, laid for foxes, and the poison therein proved to be more than, even, his robust nature could overcome. His acts were only in harmony with the laws of self-preservation, but many will rejoice at his suffering, with good reason, and few will mourn his death; yet I miss his hearty greeting, and shall give his remains a christian burial, and drop more than one tear on his lonely grave."

CHAPTER X.

A River-Driving Cruise.—Interesting Descriptive
Scenes.—The Log Race.—Shaving
the "Tenderfoot."

BY reason of Ned's youth he was not allowed to participate in driving his father's logs from the Cranberry Lakes; but, a year or two later, he engaged with the Main River boss to assist in bringing a boom from Fifth Lake, through all the intervening lakes on Main River. This was a long cruise, with many hardships which gave the lad experiences which served in various ways to prepare him for greater events in after life.

This boom, which contained several million feet, of pine and spruce logs, was easily moved to the narrows above the dam in Fifth Lake by the force of a gentle breeze blowing toward the outlet.

While sluicing the logs through the dam and driving them through the stream, into the head of Fourth Lake, where they were caught in a boom swung for the purpose, the crew of forty men made their headquarters in a bark camp, built with a shed roof sloping toward the rear. The front was open and faced a glowing fire built

some six or eight feet distant. This fire, which the cook and his assistant kept constantly burning, was a pleasant sight to the men returning to camp, when the shades of night had closed down with a density to preclude further work.

Usually a half dozen men were enough to do the sluicing; the balance of the crew being kept busily employed along the stream, hanging sheer-waters, poling logs from among the alders, in the flowage, rolling them over sand bars and rocks, where jams were beginning to form, and otherwise exerting force to keep them moving. River-drivers, as a class, are sure footed. The heels and soles of their shoes are kept well filled with steel calks, protruding half an inch, or more, which is a great assistance to them. A driver of experience, thus shod, is usually able to maintain his balance, on a single log, when running ripples, among protruding rocks, or on the uppermost stick in a moving jam, when a slip might cause him to be crushed, or to drown among the moving logs, constantly squirming, rolling, and sometimes raised on end by the great power of water exerting its force against them.

In the river-driving business, a good boatman commands about equal pay with the best drivers. In moving camp, the provisions, camp-quilts,

cooking utensils, stoves and tools, are moved in flat bottom boats, from twenty-five to forty feet in length and from six to eight feet wide, at the centre, tapering to a sharp point at either end.

When ready to run, the boatman with paddle in hand takes a position in the stern, to steer, while the two other men are placed in the bow, with poles to fend from the rocks, or assist in taking a devious course to avoid a projecting rock or snag. In many places boats are run where the water is whirling and foaming over rocks so thickly set, that barely room is found to pass between them. Occasionally, though the boatman be ever so experienced and watchful, the bow or bottom is broken in, or the boat becomes incontrollable, and veering across the stream is filled with water, or overturned, thereby losing or greatly damaging the supplies and endangering the lives of the boatmen.

On large lakes all booms are supplied with headworks and windlass to be used in warping in calm weather, and in rolling the boom to a true course when driven by the wind. These headworks consist of a number of large logs securely pinned together and connected with the boom, which, in many instances, contain several million feet of logs. When this great boom is to be

moved, the anchor is carried out in a boat and cast overboard at a point to give a draft on the warp, to swing the boom as desired. As the anchor is rolled in again, the sturdy boat crew is supposed to be in position to receive it and make another shot, as throwing it is called, as quickly as possible, before the boom loses its headway or deviates from the course.

Immediately after the anchor is cast, the men on the headworks turn the windlass slowly, or hold a taut warp, to give the boom a list ahead or roll it around a rocky point or island which, perchance, is to be passed.

The tent is usually pitched upon the headworks, which serves as headquarters for cooking, eating and sleeping, until the lake is crossed, which may be done in a few hours, if all goes well and the wind is fair; but instances are on record where strong head winds have made it impossible, for forty consecutive days, to move the boom toward its destination and dangerous to start a warp by which it was secured to the shore.

At such times, the men having little or no labor to perform, amuse themselves by boxing, wrestling, running, jumping, casting hand spikes and various other sports. Many amusing incidents

frequently transpire to break the monotony of the cruise and enliven the spirits of the men.

On the present occasion, fair winds came in due season, by which the boom was driven to the foot of Fourth Lake, where the logs were sluiced through the dam and kept running by some thirty-five men, stationed along the stream.

The men in this crew, as were those in all others, in those days, were required to work from three o'clock in the morning until eight in the evening, in order to get the full benefit of the spring freshet; hence a lunch of beef, doughnuts and tea was served each day at ten o'clock in the forenoon and at three o'clock in the afternoon, at convenient points along the line.

On one occasion the familiar call "Luncheon! Luncheon! Luncheon!" was heard by Ned, and five others, who were at work tending a space along a sharp ripple, terminating in a deep pool. Ned hopped to a log to pass to the place where lunch was being served, and had just reached the swift water, when he heard a shout, and looking back saw the other five men, all on one large log, polling, in hot pursuit, and calling to him to clear the way or they would roll him in. Ned was the kid of the crew, yet he kept his log steady until the other log came abreast, when both, bumping

against the rocks began to roll. The men then commenced to skip lively back and forth from one log to the other. Just as the logs ran into deeper water, they became separated. Then, when in sight of all the men on the bank, the log which Ned was on ran near a large sloping rock, in the flowage, and to save himself from a ducking, he sprang upon it and bounded to the top, in season to see man after man, to the last one, of those behind him, tumble into the chilly water of the stream. One of them, an old driver, whose chin was barely in sight, made the situation doubly ludicrous by exclaiming through his chattering teeth, "Wha-t in thunder air you-you do-doing on. The-re is no-o need of get-ting in." This brought a shout from the men on the bank, and it was again repeated when Ned vaulted to the log, from which those who were plashing in the water had just fallen, and ran, dry shod, to the shore.

When they were all assembled and discussing the event, Ned was congratulated by the boss, and promoted from the hardships of sacking rear, as it was called, and given a position on the front of the drive, with the expert members of the crew. This appointment was pleasing to the lad, who had a great ambition to handle a "peavy" on

dangerous jams, where good judgment and dexterous work were at a premium.

When the logs were boomed out into the head of Third Lake, easterly winds prevailed, preventing the movement of the boom. While idle, the men were ever on the alert for something to while away the time. One evening, while Ned was unsuspectingly sitting before the fire, a grotesquely clad individual, with two assistants, made his appearance, and the spokesman announced to Ned that he was no other personage than "Old Nick," come to shave the tender-foot, in the crew, in accordance with a custom instituted when the first white men began logging on the river. His shaving mug was a bucket, his razor an iron hoop, and his brush a bunch of bulrushes, gathered from a near by swale.

Ned protested with all the eloquence of which he was capable, but his protestations were in vain. He was seized by the three men and planted upon the head of a barrel, lathered, and shaved with the hoop, in accordance with the custom from which none, on their initiatory trip on the river, had ever escaped.

CHAPTER XI.

Boat and Deer Race in Lake.—Calling and Shooting
Moose.—A Surprised and Disconcerted
Animal.—Letters From Home.—Love
Match.—Drive All In Boom.—
Insect Torments.—Home-
ward Bound.

THERE was no lack of water for log driving the spring Ned Minton was employed on the lake drive, and as the prevailing winds were fair, speedy progress was made. By the last of May the drive was passing through Second Lake, with a clean rear below Magazine Pitch, and a fair head of water yet remaining in Third and Fourth Lakes to use as reinforcement in floating the logs over Great Falls and into the boom. Since the log race in Fourth Lake, Ned had been with the gang near the front, and had learned much about breaking jams and handling logs in rough and dangerous places.

Sometimes some very diverting incidents arose on the drive. One day when the logs were passing through Second Lake, two deer were seen swimming across, at a point near the head. Ned and

three other men immediately sprang into a boat, near by, and pulled out in hot pursuit. The deer did not change their course, until the boat neared a point which intercepted their landing, then they became excited, circled around and endeavored to return to the shore from where they came. Then the race became most exciting, the boat skimmed the water, as the four men bent lustily to the paddles; but the deer swam with a lightness and speed which bid fair for them to gain a footing on shore, before those in the boat could overtake them. As they neared the land, the men seeing that they were likely to escape, gave a shout which frightened them, and caused them to jump up and down in the water without making much headway, and also to veer from their course. This gave the advantage to the boatman, who forced the boat ahead, directly between the deer, crowding them apart, one turning slightly to the right, the other to the left. Ned, who was near the bow, caught up a rope, throwing the bite squarely over the antlers of the deer nearest him. The animal was caught fast, and struggled in vain to free himself.

Joe Lewey, an Indian, who stood next, in the boat, to Ned, caught up an ax and struck at the unhampered deer, but missed his mark. The

other two men got in a few harmless blows, with their paddles. All was excitement, each man giving orders impossible to be executed. The deer which Ned held, made such efforts to get free, that he pulled the bow of the boat around, so that the other was now beyond the reach of ax or paddle; but Joe, in his excitement, exclaimed, "Me git him yet;" at the same time he reached far out, and made a savage lunge with his pick pole. This act caused him to lose his balance and fall headlong into the lake. Joe was dragged on board just in season to see the deer reach the shore and bound away in the forest.

The deer which Ned held by the rope was greatly excited at first, but soon became quieter. The Indian, who was being joked for tumbling from the boat, lost his temper, and caught up the ax, exclaiming, "Me kill deer this time, sure!" and gave the animal a quick blow on the skull, which stunned him. He was then bled and taken into the boat. The Indian dressed and prepared him for the pot, before resuming work on the logs.

That afternoon the tent was pitched on the high ground bordering the lake, and at night the cook served the crew with a supper of smothered meat fit for a king. After Joe had feasted on the stew, he became pleasant again, and remained so,

save when some one alluded to his plunge, then his eyes would shoot fire, and his language become a mixture of Indian and English too profuse to be well understood.

A day or two later the rear of the drive ran through First Lake into Main River. The crew was then divided into several gangs and distributed along the river a distance of twenty miles. The headquarters of each gang, save the rear men, were established at a point where jams were likely to form. There were eight men in the gang to which Ned was attached and they were ordered to pitch their tent at Holmes' Falls. Six members of this crew ran down on the front of the drive, while later, Joe Lewey and Ned Minton made the passage by boat. In the boat were the provisions, camping outfit, and a rifle, the only fire-arm on the drive. On the passage down, Lewey, who had charge of the boat, shot a mink and two otter.

The most of the drive thus far had run into the eddies and caught along the shores, for which reason there was no great necessity of watching the falls to prevent jams, before morning, when the logs would be running more thickly.

While those who first arrived were engaged in putting up the tent and picking boughs to put

under the quilts, for beds, Joe, who noticed that Ned was loading the rifle, said to him, "Mebby I call moose, you shoot um." "How can you call a moose?" queried Ned, "Come back on ridge, Me show you," replied Lewey.

Ned had never seen a moose consequently was in high glee at the possibility of getting a shot at one of these noble animals. On Lewey's proposition he was up and off, without a moments delay. Joe armed himself with an ax and when they reached a hard-wood ridge, a half mile distant, halted and peeled a strip of bark, from a white birch tree, and rolled it in the form of a horn or tunnel. Ned, who stood watching him, curiously, asked him what he was going to do with it. "Me show you," said Lewey. "Moose make one big noise when him call mate, same as this." He then raised the bark to his mouth and blew a loud hoarse blast. "Now you get scare we no get moose, less me take gun. No papoose like you ever shoot moose first time him see one. When moose come, him run climb tree. Mebby you climb tree, too. Better give me gun—you take ax." "No," said Ned, "not much; if a moose comes here, I will stand my ground, unless you run first." "Mebby you dont know what bull moose like," replied Lewey. He then commenced

blowing at regular intervals of about a minute, and kept it up for ten minutes, when a hoarse response was heard in the distance.

“There him come now,” said Lewey. “Me stand back this tree with ax, you stand back that tree with gun. Don’t fire ’til moose near to put bullet through him head. When me call him, him come right on, no stop, see? You no kill um, he kill you.”

While Lewey was giving these instructions and admonitions, he gave a blast at the close of each sentence, the responding calls sounding nearer and louder each time. The Indian had a position behind a tree, a few rods in advance, and to the right of Ned, and when he heard the moose, crashing through the timber, he gave one blast more, then cast his horn upon the ground, and screened himself from sight as he griped his ax tightly.

When Ned heard the animal, crashing toward him, his courage almost failed, and as he came into full view, with his mane bristling, and his head, which supported an enormous set of antlers, erect, he felt like running; but he remembered Lewey’s admonitions, and his own promises, and stood his ground. Just as he raised his gun, the Indian made a sound, and the moose stopped short, and, as he stood in a listening attitude,

turned his head slightly. Ned aimed for his eye, and pulled the trigger. The moose lurched ahead and came to his knees.

In an instant Lewey bounded forward, in the true Indian way, and before the moose could recover, struck him on the head, with the poll of the ax, sending him on his broadside, and then gave him a slash on the neck with the edge.

Ned, who had waited to reload, now came forward. Lewey, who was in a tremor, looked at him, but saw no signs of excitement or fear, save the drops of perspiration, which were standing on his forehead, whereupon, he remarked,—“You no papoose. You big Injun. Make good shot. Most in eye.” Ned stood and watched the death struggles of the big animal, and when he ceased to move, he assisted Lewey in dressing and quartering the carcass. He then cut a pole, and the two men carried the meat, a quarter at a time, to the river bank, half a mile above the falls. From there Ned went to the camp, and returned with the boat, into which the meat was packed and carried safely down.

Only one quarter was taken from the boat, however, the remainder being left to be conveyed to and distributed, the next day, at the other camping stations, farther up the river, where it

was well appreciated by the members of the several gangs, whose fare, thus far, had consisted principally of salt beef and baked beans.

As soon as the logs cleared the lakes, a message was sent to those in charge of Third Lake dam, to hoist all the gates. When this great volume of water reached the logs it sent them bounding along, clearing the rocks on the falls and ripples. A strong crew was kept rolling the rear, from the shores, so that each twenty-four hours found the men, thus occupied, several miles in advance of the spot upon which they camped the night before.

When the water, from the lakes, was exerting its full force, on the logs, the boss driver, who was going from place to place along the river, to learn the conditions, came down to Holmes' Falls. Early the next morning he ordered Ned Minton to go to Great Falls, five or six miles below, and return as quickly as possible, and report the conditions and needs of the crew which had been sent there, from Machias, to swing a boom to prevent the logs from running on in advance of the time that the water would be at its best.

Ned began the journey along the bank, and, as there were several gulches to cross, he carried a pick pole on his shoulder to aid him in getting

over. When he had made about half the distance, he came to an unusually large creek, the water in which was too deep to wade. Accordingly he went to the edge of the river, and placing two small logs side by side, mounted them and shoved out into the current. The water being swift, he kept to the logs, after the gulch was passed, as an easier and more speedy method of advancement.

As he was gliding along, with the current, his attention was attracted by a large animal, of the cat species, coming along the bank of the river, evidently on a fresh deer trail. He traveled with his nose to the ground, and was so intent following the scent that he was unmindful of Ned, who lowered his pole silently in the water and gave a few vigorous shoves, toward the shore, then raised it and stood perfectly motionless save that motion imparted by the swift current in bearing him along.

When nearly opposite, the animal halted and threw his head high in air, and began that peculiar movement of the tail so often observed in the cat family when about to spring upon their prey. Ned was about four rods distant from the shore, and began to feel desperately uneasy. He realized that he must do something quickly to disconcert the brute, for it was very evident that he in-

tended to attack him, and was even then assuming a crouching position to make the spring. Ned's first thought was to shove his logs beyond reach, but he realized, as quickly, that there was no time for that now, and he regretted that he had neglected to take that precaution when he could have done so. He felt there was but one course left, whatever the result. He brought his pole down with all his might, making a splash which sent the water flying over his adversary, and at the same time gave forth a yell that echoed and re-echoed among the adjacent hills and cliffs.

This forceful and noisy demonstration acted like magic to intimidate the powerful and dangerous brute. His first bound was made over a bank toward the woods and he stood not upon the order of his going. He was plainly heard, by Ned, for several minutes, as he went crashing through the woods, over the dead limbs which cracked and broke beneath his weight. His terror was so evident that Ned had no fear that he would again come back to molest him.

The water now becoming deeper, and the current less swift, in bearing him on, he polled to shore and made the balance of his journey by land.

While at the falls, Ned took great pains to

notice and enquire into everything, that he might be able to report fully and intelligently on all points, in accordance with his instructions. He then started on his return trip and arrived at the camping ground as the shades of night were gathering, with a density that made his course a little uncertain.

His arrival gladdened the hearts of his fellow laborers, for he brought them letters and papers, the first received from their dear ones, since leaving them to go on the drive. Among the letters for himself was one from his old friend, Hiram Quagley. This letter contained news which he most desired to learn, such as the arrangements for races and dances, to take place that spring, the societies formed, love matches, business prospects, and so on. Ned read all the letter with interest, but seemed to ponder longest over that part which told that Miss Angelia Seeley had been over lately, and had inquired for him.

Hiram also stated that he had been to St. John, N. B., and that he had engaged to work there the coming season. While there he said he had met a fine girl, who possessed greater charms and virtues, than he had ever before ascribed to the sex. He felt sure that Ned would acknowledge

this fact, if he could see her and become personally acquainted. The snatches of description of the city, which he gave, were coupled with Miss Diana Hubert, the girl in question. He also spoke appreciatively of those of high social position, by whom he had been cordially received through the influence of Miss Hubert.

He had frequently met this young lady at these gay entertainments and they had become very good friends. The point which he dwelt upon most, in his letter, however, was, that he had learned from talking with her, that this gay life which she participated, in largely to please her parents, was utterly distasteful to her, and that her most ardent desire was a home far away from the city, and the love and confidence of an honest and kind companion, possessed of a true and responsive heart, for the country was always inviting to her, and she loved its quietude and the grandeur of scenery much better than she did the city.

Ned wrote an answer to Hiram's letter that night. He informed him that he probably would be home in a few days, for several men were to be discharged from the drive, the next day, as the rear was now coming close down and there was no longer necessity for so large a crew. The most of

the drive was already over Great Falls, and the logs were running down to the boom, six miles below.

Ned also wrote that he appreciated Miss Seeley's interest in his welfare, but did not think it wise, under the present circumstances, to renew their short acquaintance, even for friendship's sake. He said Miss Seeley had, apparently, chosen Herbert Holmes and he had no desire to take a course which might lead to an estrangement and unhappiness on the part of the couple. If he married, the young lady of his choice must come up to his ideal of true womanhood. He had much rather live a sporting life with bachelorship, than accept anything less. He congratulated Hiram on finding about the kind of a girl he had pictured for himself, and if, on further acquaintance, she proved what she appeared, he advised him to settle the matter as speedily as possible, as he would, doubtless, be happy, whether destiny consigned them to a cot in the woods, which Miss Hubert so fancied, or a mansion in the city.

Two days later, Ned saw the last log of the drive run over Great Falls. During the last few weeks the temper and endurance of the men had been greatly tried by the prevalence of black flies,

midges and mosquitoes, which swarmed down in clouds upon them, on calm evenings, or during the day, when their position was such that the force of the wind was broken by the forest or the surrounding hills. Ned had stood their fierce attacks uncomplainingly, but now that the last camp was to be broken, he took a retrospective view with the result that he regarded the knowledge attained of character, conditions and events, of great and lasting value to him whatever his future course in life might be.

CHAPTER XII.

The Election.—Secession.—The Civil War.—Patriotic Uprising.—Incidents at the State Capitol.—Governor Washburn's Order.

THE year following his log driving cruise, on Main River, Ned Minton entered into a logging and milling business for himself, which he followed with considerable success, until the year 1861.

In those days sectional politics ran high. The political situation, south, which became intensified in 1859, by John Brown's capture of Harper's Ferry and his attempt to free the slaves, in Virginia, was again disturbed, in a far greater measure, by the election of the Republican candidate, Abraham Lincoln, to the Presidency of the United States; which event would give the Republican party control of the government. By reason of this circumstance, the southern states began taking measures to secede from the union, after March 4th, 1861.

In January of that year, the steamer *Star* of the West, while attempting to carry provisions to Major Anderson, at Fort Sumpter, in Charlestown Harbor, was fired upon and driven back. When

this news came over the wires, Ned was fired with patriotic indignation, and at once declared his determination to go to the defence of his country, at the first call.

After Lincoln's inauguration, his order for ships to sail from New York, with supplies for Fort Sumpter, was the signal for Beauregards batteries, on Morris Island, to bombard the fort, forcing its garrison to surrender thirty-six hours later. This was on April 14, 1861. The next day Lincoln issued his proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers. Patriotism ran so high, in the loyal north, that three hundred thousand immediately responded by offering their services.

Ned Minton was one of the number who pledged to join a company then forming for the Eleventh Maine Regiment. When his mother was told of this she was greatly disturbed, and declared, emphatically, that she could not give her only son as a sacrifice, however urgent the demands of the Government. Ned's father, however, was of a more patriotic turn, and secretly encouraged Ned to carry out his intention, saying that he, too, would go, were he not precluded by age, and other disabilities.

Ned did not again speak of the army, in the presence of his mother, but he went about his

work, in a dazed sort of way, plainly showing that his heart was with those who were enrolling, from his own town, and were to leave in a few days for the state capitol, where troops had already assembled in considerable numbers. On Sunday evening, previous to the departure next morning, of a score of young men, for Augusta, after his parents had retired, Ned tied his best suit of clothes in a bundle and secreted them under the rose bush in the front yard. He then went to bed, but not to sleep. He felt that he owed a duty to his mother, most certainly, but he could not think that she was entitled to a precedence in his allegiance, when his country was being torn asunder, state by state, by traitor hands.

At the usual hour he came down to breakfast, next morning, dressed in his mill suit, just as he had done countless other mornings. His mother had no suspicion that he intended to join the volunteers, although she noted that he greeted the family with unusual affection and lingered on the threshold, to view the familiar surroundings, before his final departure. He passed down the walk and halted opposite the rose bush where he began shuffling a quick step to divert attention should anybody be watching him from the

window. Glancing up and seeing no one there, he caught up the bundle, which he had hidden the night before, and hurried away.

He passed the mill where he had been employed, and went straight to the house of Charlie Benner, who had enlisted a month previous, and was about to leave with the men, who were waiting for the team to arrive for them. He changed his clothes here, but dared not trust himself to tarry, and participate in the tearful partings, which took place between dear ones, many of whom were destined never to meet again on earth. The team and driver, which he had engaged, were now in waiting at the door, and as soon as he was ready, he sprang into the carriage, and drove away, depressed in spirit, and almost regretting that he had chosen the course which he was pursuing. Yet one word, DUTY, duty to God and country, kept ringing in his ears, and urging him forward.

Patriotism was apparent everywhere throughout the North, alike in the palace of the rich, and the cot of the lowly peasant. At every station the soldiers, enroute for the front, were greeted by gaily dressed matrons and maidens, bearing flags, and baskets of luscious fruit, and choice and savory food, which they served without money and without price, while they cheered and

encouraged the boys with demonstrations of love and devotion, strangers though they were, more ardent and deep than was ever before witnessed between friends, even, of long and familiar acquaintance.

Before the Republican party came into power, the northern arsenals had been stripped of arms, to serve the south, hence the one great cry was, arms! arms!—to supply the the thousands of ardent young men, who were urging their service upon the government. As fast as they arrived at Augusta, they were armed with the old flint lock “Queen’s arm,” some of which were made over into percussion, or, perchance, were without lock of any kind. These served to aid in learning the manuel, and lent a soldierly appearance to those who were walking beats, and gaining a rudimentary knowledge of the duties required of them as soldiers.

Ned enlisted as a private, in the 11th Maine Volunteers, and after passing a physical examination, was assigned a tent with his friend, Charlie Benner. The regiment was quartered on the parade ground, in front of the State House where camp guards were posted with strict orders to allow no one to go out without a pass from the commanding officer. Discipline was lax, and

camp guards were easily prevailed upon to allow comrades to pass their beats. Unlettered sentinels were frequently imposed upon by sharp soldiers, who presented them with papers purporting to be passes, which, instead of originating with the commander, were, in reality, gotten up for the occasion by some sharp soldier, who was a skilled knight of the quill, capable of scrawling unreadable hieroglyphics. Tender hearted guards were influenced by pitiful stories of sick friends in the city, or dear ones leaving on the next out-going train.

Ned Minton had not been an hour in camp, before he approached an Irish sentinel armed with a club, and with a most patronizing air, asked to be permitted to pass out for just a few moments. The Irishman halted, and gave him a pitying look, as he inquired,—“For what does ye want to go for?” “I want to see my mother, who will leave on the next train,” said Ned. “Oh! yer moother, is it? Iviry brat of a bie has a moother laving on the nixt train, I should say, be the sthories I hear. I knows me duty, me bie; so whin I’m going up to me hub, yandre, ye can walk out, and of course I’m not to know ave it.” It is needless to say that Ned walked out.

Troops were constantly arriving, and the facili-

ties, of the state, being limited for caring for so many men, at once, after about three weeks spent in drill and discipline, the regiment was ordered, by Governor Washburn, to take passage by train for Washington. This order was of a decidedly complimentary nature to the character and soldierly qualities of the men. We quote it as follows:

“The Commander-in-Chief cannot permit the present occasion to pass without an expression of his gratification at the increasing patriotism of his fellow citizens, shown in the promptness with which the members of this regiment have enlisted for the defense of the government, and the zeal and readiness with which they have taken upon themselves the obligations of a soldier. Their sense of duty has surmounted the motive of special bounty, heretofore bestowed, and made them willing to do and to suffer, if need be, for the vindication of the majesty of the laws and the imperishable constitution.”

By Order of the Commander-in-chief

Signed, John L. Hodgdon,

Adjutant General.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Off for Washington.—Through Portland.—Inspira-
tion of the Regimental Bard.—Arrival.—
Killing Time.—Feter Feezer Re-
lates Story of His Life.

ON the morning of Nov. 13th, 1861, before day-break, tents were struck and packed into the wagons for removal to the cars, and the camp-fires were kept burning with increasing brilliancy by reason of camp debris which was being heaped upon them. Officers and non-commissioned officers hurried back and forth, shouting orders and counter orders, to the men, and extending compliments to the throngs of loyal women and girls who had arisen at this unseemly hour, and in charming costumes, bearing pails of hot coffee, sandwiches, cakes and pies, sought to cheer the hearts of the heroes about to depart for the seat of war.

At last the regiment was aboard the train and on the way to Portland. Enthusiasm was manifested all along the route. Crowds were at the stations, flags floated from many houses, and delegations of town officials bade the soldiers God-speed, at every stopping place. Girls were weeping in sympathetic excitement, and appeared

pleased when some bold soldier-boy, in his gallantry, leaped from his car and clasped an especially pretty one in his arms and kissed her a hearty good bye. If, perchance, she resented it by an outcry, the sound was quickly drowned in the hurrah raised by his comrades and her friends, all of whom greeted alike his exuberancy of spirit.

As the train sped on toward Portland, that city heretofore noted for the patriotic receptions accorded the outgoing soldiers, all were expecting to be served a grand collation; but the rank and file, of this regiment, were doomed to disappointment, and were forced to satisfy the cravings of their appetite by munching dry hard tack. This disappointment so inspired "Sute Albee" of Co. C, the regimental bard, that, shortly after leaving the city, he broke forth into a song of some thirty or forty verses, the chorus of which is yet well remembered. It ran as follows:

"The rot took their potatoes,
And the weavel took their grain;
So they'd nothing left to give us,
In Portland city, Maine."

On arriving in Washington, tents were pitched on Meridian Hill, where the regiment remained until New Year's day, 1862, when it removed to Carver Barracks, built by detailed artificers of the

brigade, which consisted of the Eleventh Maine, One Hundred and Fourth and Fifty Second Pennsylvania, the Fifty Sixth and One Hundredth New York, Regiments of Infantry, and Regan's Seventh New York Battery of six, three inch, ordnance guns. The winter was passed in perfecting the drill and discipline of the men, the officers gaining the most of their technical military knowledge from Casey's Tactics, a patriotic revision of the rebel Hardee's.

How to kill time when off duty was a problem. A few at a time could get passes to visit the city, but these passes were few and far between. On one occasion, Ned and his tent mate, Corporal Charlie Benner, later, the Orderly Sergeant of the company, visited the city on a pass, and while in the dome of the Capitol were joined by two ladies, evidently enthusiastic rebel sympathisers. They had brought observation glasses, with them, and as they gazed out across the space of country, separating the hostile armies, one of them exclaimed, sarcastically,—“What a pleasure it is to view the camp of our friends over the river! How I should like to go out and embrace those dear boys!” “There will be no occasion for going out,” remarked Ned, drollingly, “for we will move that way in a few days, and will escort them in,

and place them on exhibition for your special benefit." They turned and gave him an angry look, gathered up their silk skirts, and quickly retreated down the winding stairs.

Ned had enlisted as a private, but before many months, had passed, he had received promotion after promotion, for his military bearing and strict attention to duty, and now he stood within one step of the pinnacle in the non-commissioned grade. He was temperate, in his habits, and it was a frequent cause of regret to him to see many of his comrades, otherwise worthy of promotion, kept down by the demon rum. He often used his influence to persuade the men to abstain from drink, and his efforts to prevent the admission of liquor to the camp-ground. He had witnessed the agony of many an otherwise good soldier forced to sit astride the "brigade horse" for hours at a time, in the broiling sun, for drinking too freely, and he pitied them and sought to strike the trouble at the fountain head. The commanding officer, learning of his efforts, in the line of temperance, had him detailed to do provost duty in the city. Before he had served there two weeks he had seized ten thousand gallons of liquor and spilled it in the gutters, by order of the Provost Marshall General.

Oftentimes, for amusement, small groups used to meet at the different tents in the company, and oblige each occupant to tell the story of his life. Ned, and a number of other congenial spirits, in pursuit of amusement, met at Peter Feezer's tent one evening, and told him he must "relate." Peter was a character, and he looked it, not only from his half closed red eyes, but from his red hair, as well, and his half bent figure, which was often seen moving around while he gazed into every comrade's mess, as if he expected to find some savory morsel outside the regimental commissariat, and that the possessor would gladly divide with him.

When Peter was importuned for his life's history, his red face grew redder, as his mind seemed to be busily engaged unearthing long buried memories. At last he looked the company over complacently, and remarked—"I spose you have all had a girl, and mebbe some of you have got one now; but I haint. I had one once, though, and she was a picter. I was a huckleberryin' one day, and it was awful hot, and I went to the brook to git a drink, and my girl, with two more, came there too, and she says,—says she, "Mr., wont you please hand me a drink?" And I says, "Yessum," polite like, and the other girls laffed.

I bailed her a drink in my kittle, and sot it at her feet, and she took a little tiny dish from a little tiny haversack, hung to her neck, and took some water from the kittle, and says,—says she, ‘Here’s to the man I love,’ lookin’ straight at me. Then they all laffed, and I says,—‘Miss, mebbe that means me;’ and then they laffed some more, and she winked at me, as they turned to git into a team which they had there, and I was watchin’ on her, and longin’ for her, for she was a beauty. Then she says,—says she, “Call at half past seven, tonight, and ask Pa;” and then they drove off, laffin’ and shoutin’, and I never knowed where they went nor who they was. I looked at everybody I met for a year, but I never seen her agin, so I ’listed. But, if I had a found her, I vow to Bets I callated to buy John Horn’s farm.” “What were you going to buy that for?” inquired one of the boys. “Well,” said Peter, “I was going to buy that, because there was sich a good place on it to build a barn. And now you have got all that is worth telling, in my life, except that them brigade butchers, that allers gives me liver, air dod ratted good chaps.

CHAPTER XIV.

Council of War.—Regiment Embarks at Alexandria.—Scenes at Hampton Rhodes.—Under Fire.—The First to Fall.—A Dreary Night on Camp Guard.

IN March, 1862, a council of war was held, at Fairfax Court House, by General McLellan and the commanders of the four army corps, then in Washington, namely: McDowell, Sumner, Heintzelman and Keys, to determine the most feasible route for an advance on Richmond. After due deliberation, it was decided to adopt the peninsular route, with the basis of operations on the York river, the James river then being controlled by rebel gunboats. On the 28th day of the above month, the Eleventh Maine Regiment, now in the Third Brigade of Casey's Division, broke camp and marched away, enroute for Alexandria, in a damp snow storm. The regiment camped on the wet ground the two following nights, and then embarked on board the steamship, Constitution, which steamed away down the Potomac, arriving at Fortress Monroe the evening of April 1st. In Hampton Rhodes was seen

the little Monitor which, a few days previous, had encountered and disabled the famous ironclad, Merrimac.

The next day the Eleventh was transferred to the steamer Hero, and landed at Newport News. In steaming across the bay, the men got a view of the masts of the war ships, Cumberland and Congress, their hulls resting quietly on the sand, several feet below the surface of the water, the result of the first engagement with the rebel ironclad Merrimac, before the arrival of the Monitor there. When within half a mile of the wharf, a cloud of smoke arose from a rebel gun on Sewell's Point, five miles distant, and the next moment a shower of spray was sent high in air, as the shell, falling short of the steamer, some four hundred yards, plunged beneath the waters of the bay.

After landing, the regiment was marched out about two miles, where it went into camp. From this point, the rifles of the sharpshooters were plainly heard, on the advance pits, in front of Yorktown. Ned heard these guns and resolved to be the first in the regiment to witness active operations. With Ned, to resolve, was to do, consequently within one hour, he was at the front.

When he came to the edge of the woods, bordering a plantation, through which the Union

breastworks extended on one side of Warwick Stream, and the Rebel works on the other, he fell in with a Lieutenant, who was also on an independent tour of inspection. After viewing the works, and watching the Union sharpshooters, who lay prostrate on their faces, occasionally shooting through narrow rifle embrasures, they moved forward, down a gentle slope, across the plantation, toward the Union pits. They had hardly cleared the border of the forest, when they encountered a concentrated fire, for a distance of a thousand yards, along the Confederate front. Had the enemy waited until they had advanced a few yards from the woods, there, doubtless, would have been two Union Soldiers the less to face the battles of the peninsular campaign.

If Ned and the Lieutenant were seeking an opportunity to get under fire, they were doubtless well satisfied, for, some twenty or thirty bullets passed within a few inches of them, or spattered the ground in front. One bullet passed through the Lieutenant's scabbard, and two through the legs of Ned's trousers. When this shower of lead came, Ned stopped only long enough to seize a bullet that had flattened on the gravel, and then, both, made a speedy retreat. When they reached shelter, they noticed a wooded ravine, at the right,

which they prudently accepted as a safer route to the pits.

On entering the line, the sharpshooters cautioned them against exposing themselves to the fire of the enemy. A house had been burned, there, and the chimney, which remained standing, was enclosed in the line of the pits. About six feet from the ground bricks had been knocked out, leaving an opening the size of a man's hand. To impress upon the new comers the quickness and accuracy of the aim of the enemy, a cap was placed upon a ramrod and passed across the hole. The time required, to perform this act, was less than one second, yet, in that short time, the cap had been perforated by three bullets. This exhibition of rebel marksmanship was an effective warning to both boys.

While Ned and the Lieutenant were engaged in talking with the sharpshooters, a black smokey looking bolloon slowly arose, above the tree tops, just beyond the rebel line, not more than one thousand yards distant. It remained in sight long enough to note that the car contained three men, who, with glasses in hand, were making a quick view of the Union encampment. Ere one of those hundreds of Union sharpshooters became sufficiently self possessed to use his rifle the

balloon and men had disappeared among the trees.

On the 28th of April the regiment was ordered out beyond the picket line, to make a reconnoissance. When it reached the edge of the woods, the rebels fired two shells from guns on a small fort, in front, but they went high of the mark, as was indicated by the limbs severed from the tree tops, as the shells crashed onward, far to the rear. When the guns on the fort opened, Company A, was quickly deployed and advanced as skirmishers, with Company D, as a reserve, and the balance of the regiment following at a distance. The skirmish company encountered a heavy musketry fire, in a piece of woods, and one man, private Andrew C. Mace, was killed, the first in the regiment to fall. His body was carried to the camp, and there were few but were awe stricken, as they looked upon the waxen face, drained of blood, which yesterday was blooming with health, and animated with hope and courage.

That night was cold and misty, and the men around the guard tent thought a fire would be most comfortable, and do no harm, since they were about two miles away from the enemy. So they gathered some pine knots and started one. But before the blaze had much exceeded the size of

that of a tallow candle, the officer of the guard came rushing down and kicked the brands right and left, and sternly rebuked them for thus tempting the enemy to open his batteries. When the officer had departed, a big two fisted fellow, noted for his strength of body, rather than mind, brought the guards back to good humor, again by, blurting out,—“Well, if we can’t have a fire we can have a song, for I know one with thirty verses, and each verse is exactly like every other verse, except the last one, which is a repetition of the first.” Then he roared, rather than sang, the following doggerel.

Oh! the horse he crossed the road,
The horse he crossed the road,
And the reason why he crossed the road,
Was because he crossed the road.

CHAPTER XV.

The Evacuation.—On to Richmond.—Scenes on
the Route.—Borrowing a Bed.—Battle of
Williamsburg.—Horrors of War.—

How Ned Got the Bacon.

ON the morning of the 4th of April, it was learned that General Magruder had evacuated Yorktown the previous night. The Union army was soon in hot pursuit; a part by transports, to the right bank of the Pamunkey, near White House Landing, on the James, to intercept the retreat, and the remainder up the peninsular to Yorktown, and from there on to Williamsburg. The first night's bivouac was most uncomfortable for blankets and overcoats had been left behind, to enable the army to make better time. However, the troops were not able to make more than nine miles, the first day, by reason of the blocked condition of the roads. Cavalry, infantry and artillery, with the long ambulance, ammunition, and commissary trains, were striving for the right of way, through mud made doubly deep by the trains of the retreating enemy.

As the army advanced, nearly all non-combatants, old men, women and children, fled before its

approach. Tables were left ready set, supplied with such food as hoe cake and bacon, which was very welcome to the hungry soldiers, forced on short rations, by reason of delayed supply trains, which had surrendered the right-of-way to the ammunition and ambulance trains, then in more urgent demand at the front.

When night shut down, officers and men alike, without overcoats or blankets, were shivering with the cold. Ned Minton had already learned to care for himself wonderfully well, considering his short term of active service. On this night he learned of a fine mansion, half a mile distant, which belonged to a noted rebel sympathizer, and suggested to his tent mate, Charlie Benner, that they visit the place in search of comfort. Charlie readily assenting, they hastened forward, and soon learned, from the old darkey in charge, that his master, with his family, had left for Richmond when the news had reached him of McLellan's advance.

The darkey was rejoiced to see "Yankee sogers," but said, "You uns don't look a bit as massa said the yankees did. Massa tole me to look out for all dis property, but God bress you, honey, how kin I? Dey's already took massa's pigs and hens and geese, and I specs dey'll took de furnishings

next." "What is there in the house," asked Ned. "Is there anything to sleep on?" "O yes"—said the ducky, "Dare's massa's bed. If any Yankee soger wants to sleep dare, why, of cose he kin. Here am de keys."

Ned took them, and, upon unlocking the door, found that nothing in the house, apparently, had been disturbed. He then told the negro that they were not allowed to sleep out at night, but that he would borrow the feather bed, blankets and pillows, until morning. "God bress you, honey, Massa dinna tole me to len de furnishings, but how kin I hep it?" said the negro. "We don't expect you to help it," said Ned, as he shouldered the tick, and Charlie the blankets and pillows. When they arrived at the camp ground, and spread the tick on the mud, Ned's reply, on being chided for the theft, "All's fair in love and war," was somewhat characteristic of the times.

The battle of Williamsburg was fought by Hooker's division of the third corps, and by Hancock's brigade of Smith's division, and by Peck's brigade of Couch's division, Longstreet commanding the Confederate defense. It was a bloody fight, as attested by the heaps of dead and wounded in front of Fort Magruder, and in the

woods and open fields beyond the fort. Even from the ditches of the fort, which contained about eight feet of muddy water, rebel dead were fished out in considerable numbers, when the action was over. Many of the rebel wounded were left behind in care of their surgeons, and were a sorry sight. Dead bodies lay on the field as they had fallen, some in the act of loading, and others of firing their guns, and still others on their backs curled in tortuous positions, staring stonily, as if their last moments had been spent in agony. A Union battery, in attempting to get into position, in the open field, in front of Fort Magruder, stuck fast in the mud, and was unable to make the wheel. There were thirty-six horses, on those guns, and every one was shot dead, in the harness, horribly riddled with grape and shrapnel. An Indian sharpshooter, on the Confederate side, who held a position at the angle of a Virginia fence, and had succeeded in shooting several Union officers, lay there torn and shattered, a whole battery of Union guns having been trained upon him, the exploding shells slivering the fence into splinters, and killing him instantly. Such scenes were new to the Eleventh, and however hardened the men may have afterwards become, the most

indifferent by nature, were visibly affected by these gruesome sights. .

The rank and file of the Union army had but little love for those remaining in their homes, who were known to be in sympathy with the Confederates. At one time an old planter, who had three sons in the Confederate service, claimed that he was a Union man, anxious to take the oath of allegiance. As soon as the oath was administered, he politely asked for a guard to be posted at his stable, where he had several hundred pounds of bacon-sides in store. The guard was furnished, although few believed in his sincerity.

When this became known to certain of the privates of the Eleventh Maine, they applied to Ned Minton to assist them in securing a share of the stores, for he was noted for his skill in circumventing those whom he believed to be playing a double game.

Ned first ascertained that the guards were strangers to the members of his regiment; then he consented to help them, and went about the business in a strictly military way. He formed a guard of half a dozen trusty privates, and marched them to the stable, where he informed the Sergeant, in charge, that he had orders to relieve him, and that his regiment was in line, and

about to march. The unsuspecting officer fell his guard into line, and hastened away, to find, later, that he had been hoaxed ; but before he had time to return, every pound of bacon had been taken away, and no one, in authority, ever found out who the offending "Non Com." was, or where he had gone.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Advance.—Promotions.—Battle of Fair Oaks.—
Losses.—Exciting Scenes.—Railroad Train
Plunges into Chickahominy.—Retreat.—
Battle.—Ned's Promotion.—Leader
of Scouts.—Females Under Fire.—
Taken Prisoner.—Escapes.—
McLellan's Address.

ON May 9th the army took up the line of march, and early that morning passed through Williamsburg, about two miles beyond Magruder. Here the men of the Eleventh had the honor of seeing General McLellan, and of cheering him, the first time, since landing at Newport News. The regiment marched ten miles further, and camped in a beautiful wheat field until the thirteenth. There was plenty of running water in a ravine near by, which served, alike, for drinking and washing purposes. Here Colonel Caldwell, the commander, was promoted to Brigadier General, and left the regiment to assume his higher command. Lieutenant Colonel Plaisted took his place, and on May 15th, addressed the officers, of each grade, telling them what was expected of them.

Within the next four days an advance was made to Baltimore Cross Roads, a distance of six or eight miles, and on the twenty-third the army crossed the Chickahominy, the enemy having been dislodged, at Seven Pines, on the seventeenth, thus securing a strong position. The regiment was engaged frequently, in skirmishes with the enemy, until May 31st. Then the battle of Fair Oaks was fought, the Eleventh losing more than half its numbers engaged in action.

The Confederates made a furious attack, the following morning, but were repulsed with great slaughter. Plaisted's men camped on the battle ground, a few days, and then moved to the rear, to guard the railroad bridge across the Chickahominy.

Later, Dick Taylor secured a position across this road, between the Chickahominy and White House Landing, which was the base of supplies for the Union army. Then General McLellan decided to retreat, by way of White Oak Swamp, to Harrison's Landing, and establish a new base. Before the army moved, all the bridges across the Chickahominy were destroyed, by his order.

On the 29th of June, Magruder attacked the forces at Savage Station. Following the attack, a long train of cars, loaded with great quantities

of shot, shell and commissary stores, and drawn by two powerful locomotives, was sent from this place, at full speed, running wild, down the track, to a gap, where, a few days previously, the railroad bridge had been burned. The men of the Eleventh Maine, in position at the bridge, heard the train's approach. The din of the combat beyond the Station, was nearly drowned by the clatter of the wheels, the hiss of steam and roaring of flames, for the forward end of each car had been saturated with oil, and set on fire, before the train was started on its course of destruction. It was gaining headway every moment, and the guards were anxiously watching its approach to the chasm, for none could foretell the result.

As the locomotives approached, a rim of fire, caused by the friction made by the excessive speed of the train, circled the wheels. The men had scarcely time to comprehend this, ere there came a thunderous crash, followed by a terrific explosion. Every man in sight of the train threw himself flat on the ground, to escape the flying fragments from the exploding boilers and shells, the latter going off in quick succession, when reached by the fire, screeching through the air, and shivering the tree tops.

This harsh music was the signal for the Eleventh

to move swiftly away, halting, only, when the road became blocked, until it had passed through White Oak Swamp, and gained the high ground, beyond the bridge.

At daybreak, on the morning of June 30th, exhausted men were lying fast asleep, in fields and woods and on the border of the dusty roads. At sunrise they were aroused, and the divisions of Smith and Richardson, two of Sedgwick's divisions, and Neagle's brigade, were formed in defensive positions, having been assigned the duty of holding the enemy in check, while the balance of the army was put on the march, for Malvern Hill, to secure a more defensible position, under cover of the gunboats in the James River.

Jackson was in the swamp, beyond the bridge; the rattle of the muskets, of the skirmishers, told of this. At noon he opened with thirty pieces of artillery; then the air suddenly became filled with shrieking shells, bursting in white puffs of smoke, and showering down a storm of jagged iron. This caused a scene of dire confusion, for the field, where the shells were exploding, was crowded with various trains, the drivers all striving to gain a passage into roads already blocked or crowded to their utmost limit. To add to these difficulties, the teamsters of a pontoon train, which had been

drawn up by the roadside, waiting for an opening, unhitched their horses, and, mounting them, rode away to the James.

When the confusion was at its height, the Eleventh was lying on the edge of the forest, bordering the field. Every man was wide awake and self possessed. General Neagle rode up, and observing their coolness, commanded,—“Fall in, my Yankee squad,” for there were but a few left in the regiment now. The men fell in, and were led across the field to a position to support Hazard’s battery, which was sweeping the bridge with grape and Canister, to hold Jackson at bay.

As they watched the gunners fall, one by one, the men of The Eleventh were expecting lively work, ere many minutes, for this was the only battery then employed to hold in check thirty-five thousand Confederates, eager to crush the feeble support left to hold the line. But just then a cheer was heard, at the rear, and Pettit’s guns were rushed into position with whip and spur. They were led by General Neagle, who had foreseen the fate of the battery, in action, and had brought these guns from the rear just in season to save the line from being broken and routed.

There was hard fighting along the line, at Glendale, and on the right of the Charles City road;

also along the river road, and a cavalry attack on the Quaker road. Ned, who had been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, for meritorious conduct on the field, was selected to command a squad of scouts to observe and report the movements of the enemy. He was in his element then, and was gaining information every hour, which was of great value to his superiors and the Union cause.

At one time he held a position in the top story of a large white house, on the hill, nearly in range of the Union and Confederate guns. He was sweeping the country with his field glass to find the main points where the Confederates were concentrating their forces, when shell after shell cut keenly through the building, scattering the laths and plaster, and knocking down a chimney. When the chimney fell, he heard a woman scream as though in pain or terror, and upon investigating, found a middle aged, and a young lady in the cellar, trembling with great fear. Just then there was a lull in the firing, as fresh batteries were being run into position. Ned advised them to embrace this opportunity to get to a place of safety, which they strove to do by running with all their might to the nearest woods where Union officers took them in charge, and soon afterwards sent them to Harrison's Landing on an ambulance.

The troops, which guarded the rear, repulsed the enemy many times during the day; and at ten o'clock, that night, they set fire to the pontoon boats, left upon the field, and after spiking the two guns, which remained to give the parting shots, they also took up the retreat. At sunrise the next morning, the Eleventh, with other forces, of the rear guard, reached the James, several miles above Harrison's Landing.

Ned Minton, however, remained upon the ground, scouting in the Confederate lines, until long after midnight, where he gained important information regarding the position and contemplated movements of the enemy. On his return to the spot where the Union lines had been established, feeling sure that the enemy were now left behind, he imprudently entered the road, lighted up by the burning boats. He knew that the enemy were likely to appear anywhere, yet he was greatly surprised on being confronted by a dozen Rebel scouts, who covered him with their muskets and demanded his surrender.

Had there been half an opportunity, to escape, Ned would have siezed it, but he saw at once that the conditions were all against him, and quietly handed over his arms, when they were demanded. Luckily he was not wearing the straps of his rank,

by which reason he had no difficulty in passing for a common soldier straggled from the ranks. Accordingly, the Confederates were not especially vigilant concerning his retention, and all being very tired, spread their blankets, in a grove of large hard pine trees, near by, and camped down for the night; giving Ned a position between two of their number. Soon all were slumbering soundly, except Ned, who was never more wide awake, although he prudently feigned sleep for an hour or more. Then he sat up, and as the two men next to him did not move, he gradually worked from under the blanket, which covered himself and the two men next him, secured a musket from the stack, near by, and crept away into a tangled thicket of vines, where he lay down to rest, for it was too dark to travel. Being tired and sleepy, he soon fell into a doze, and when he awoke, later in the night, the moon had risen, and it had become light enough to continue his journey. Accordingly, believing in the old proverb, that "Discretion is the better part of valor," he quietly stole away, toward the James River; this time prudently avoiding the roads, and relying wholly on the moon for his course through the forest. When daylight appeared in the east, he had put several miles between himself and his captors.

He was uncertain, however, about his locality, and the correct course to pursue. Seeing a negro cabin, he approached it, cautiously, and when within a few rods, secreted himself in a bunch of laurel bushes, where he waited until a full blooded negro appeared, with a pail, and went to the ravine to tote water to cook the morning meal. Evidently the darky's nerves were at the highest tension, for when Ned, who had followed him, casually asked the distance to Malvern Hill, he sprang in air, as if electrified, and appeared greatly alarmed. Upon recognizing Ned as a Union soldier, however, he regained his composure and replied—"I reckon it am about two looks, if yer is gwine by de Quaker road, but if yer is gwine by dis yer way, it am about a look and a haf; but dare is no road dis yer way, ober de hill." "Do you know the way over the hill?" Ned inquired. "Lor-a-massy, yes! I's been dat way more dan a million times to git de mail for massa." "Well" said Ned, "I want you to go and show me the way." "Oh goddy massa! how kin I? De Yankees am down dare, and dey shoot me sure. De big guns bang, bang, all day yesserday, and de little guns rattle like forty million mule teams on de bridge. No sar! I's gwine to stay right yere." "Do you see this gun?" asked Ned. "Oh goddy—yes, I sees

it," answered the negro, showing signs of great fear. "Well then, take this blanket and this overcoat and light on," said Ned. "What, and leave de ole woman and de pickaninnies alone in de cabin?" "Yes," said Ned, "no one will trouble them."

The submissive old slave did as he was told, although it was plain to see that it was much against his will. They had gone but about a mile when musketry was heard to the right. These were the exchange of picket shots, which foretold the coming battle, which raged all that day. Shortly afterward, the gunboats on Turkey Creek, an affluent of the James, began throwing shells across McLellan's front into the Confederate lines, which were commanded by Dick Taylor.

Ned and the slave were well in range. Ned was about to dismiss his pilot, whom he no longer needed, when a shell went screeching through the air very near them. The darky dropped the coat and blanket, like a flash, and started to run; but, immediately, another came and exploded directly in his front, and wounded him slightly. Ned then told him to make time for his cabin; but he still stood and gazed with a puzzled look. Then he said—"I don't see what dey is shooting at us for. By golly, we aint done nobody one bressed bit of

harm." Then he bounded away into the forest with the speed of an antelope.

Malvern Hill is an elevated plateau, about a mile and a half by three quarters of a mile in area, with several converging roads running over it. In front are a number of defensible ravines, and toward the north and east the ground slopes gradually to the forest, allowing a clear range for artillery. The Confederates were now making their attack, upon this place, from the direction of White Oak Swamp, so that Ned had no difficulty in evading the battle line. He took his course down the ravine, and later, that afternoon, struck the Union reserves, near the James.

Ned now made a report, at head-quarters, of his observations of the night before. By inquiring, he learned that his regiment was halted near a piece of woods, bordering the river. When he found it, the tired men were resting as best they could, by leaning against the trees, with haversacks on their caps and rubber blankets over their shoulders, to partially shield them from a pouring rain then prevailing. Ned was in sore need of rest and sleep, and dropping down upon the moss-covered root of a shady tree, was soon lost in slumber.

The next day the regiment was moved down the river, and was assigned a position within the

fortified works which were made in the form of a semi-circle, at Harrison's Landing, where a new base had been established. The first mail received, since before the retreat, was landed here from the mail steamer, and distributed to the anxious soldiers.

Soon after Ned Minton had entered the service, he was informed that Herbert Holmes had gone to California to evade the draft, which, rumorsaid, would soon be made. Ned simply remarked, on hearing this, that patriotism was, apparently, a secondary consideration, with Herb. He, therefore, was somewhat surprised when he learned, by a letter, just received from his old friend, Hiram Quagley, that Herbert had recently returned home and enlisted, and was then in a Maine Regiment in active service. He was also surprised, and pleased, as well, to learn that Miss Seeley was regarded as one of the most staunch and patriotic young ladies in the County. She had manifested decided Union sentiments from the very first, and had been an active leader in organizing the ladies in her own, and in adjoining towns, for effective work in writing cheering letters, and in providing lint, bandages, and suitable clothing for the sick and wounded soldiers. Her advice and counsel

was sought by all the patriotic workers in Machias Valley.

Speculation was rife among the gossipers in town, many expressing a belief that she had been the cause of Herbert Holmes' return to do honorable service for his country. Whether this was true or not, Hiram wrote she had been heard to say, on occasions, that no military shirk need ever seek her society, for all such were, in her estimation, unworthy the attention of any lady who possessed a spark of loyalty or had any conception of duty and allegiance to ones country.

When Ned had finished reading this letter he had many conflicting thoughts. He felt that he had allowed himself to harbor a sentiment for Miss Seeley stronger than friendship, even when he believed her to be fickle and unworthy, but now, though her affections might be centered in another, his deepest admiration was freely bestowed upon her, for her good qualities, which he, in his blindness, had failed to see until now. He walked around uneasily, communing with his own thoughts, until his mind was awakened to a sense of duty by receiving a message from his commander; then he assembled his scouts and departed to fulfill the mission assigned him.

He moved to Evlington Heights, some two

miles distant, which elevation over-looked the camps of the Union army within the fortifications at Harrison's Landing. Here he saw enough of the situation to realize that if this position was gained by the enemy, Harrison's Landing, as a base, would become untenable.

He was about to return and report this fact, when he heard the clank of sabers and the rattle of artillery. This proved to be Stewart's cavalry, with two mountain howitzers, advancing up the slope, from the Richmond side of the pinnacle. Ned ordered his men to give them a volley then flee for the cover of the woods. Stewart replied by firing a few shots into the thick forest and a half dozen, or more, into the Union camp.

Seeing the value of this position Stewart then hurried a courier to inform Longstreet; but before that officer could mass his troops, Ned had reported, in person, and piloted a force of infantry, which routed the cavalry, and forthwith proceeded to fortify the position.

With those heights in possession, and the flanks of the army resting on the river and creeks, to the right and to the left, and the guns of the fleet to assist, the Confederate engineers pronounced the Harrison Landing position practically im-

pregnable; accordingly they desisted from making further effort against it.

When the famous seven days retreat was completed and the army secure on the new base, McClellan issued the following address to the troops:

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Camp near Harrison's Landing, Va.

Friday, July 4, 1862.

SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC: "

Your achievements of the last ten days have illustrated the valor and endurance of the American soldier. Attacked by superior forces, and without hope of reinforcements, you have succeeded in changing your base of operations, by a flank movement, always regarded as the most hazardous of military experiments. You have saved all your material, all your trains, and all your guns, except a few lost in battle, and taken in return guns and colors from the enemy. Upon your march you have been assailed, day after day, with desperate fury, by men of the same race and nation, skillfully massed and led. Under every disadvantage of numbers, and necessarily of position also, you have in every conflict beaten back your foes with enormous slaughter. Your conduct ranks you among the celebrated armies of history. No one will now question but each of

you may always with pride say, I belong to the Army of the Potomac.

You have reached the new base, complete in organization, and unimpaired in spirit. The enemy may at any time attack you. We are prepared to meet them. I have personally established your lines. Let them come and we will convert their repulse into a final defeat.

Your Government is strengthening you with the resources of a great people. On this our Nation's birthday, we declare to our foes, who are rebels against the best interests of mankind, that this army shall enter the Capitol of the so-called Confederacy; that our national constitution shall prevail, and that the Union, which can alone insure internal peace and external security to each state, must and shall be preserved, cost what it may in time, treasure and blood.

(Signed,) GEO. B. McLELLAN.

CHAPTER XVII.

Scenes at Harrison's Landing.—Scouting and Foraging.—Laughable Incidents.—Retreat to Yorktown.—Raids in the Interior.—Ned's Purchase.—On Southern Coast.—Loss of Monitor.—Incidents at Fernandina.

FROM the date of McLellan's address to the Army of the Potomac, to the departure of the troops for Yorktown, on Aug. 16th, the lives of the soldiers were, for the most part, uneventful. There was but one alarm; on the morning of Aug. 1st, when the enemy appeared with a light battery, on a hill across the river, and riddled with shells the upper works of a couple of steamers, at the wharf, during an electrical tempest.

The gunboats opened upon the battery, and as soon as a correct range was obtained, the scouting party was forced to retreat to the forest with their guns. The hill was afterward occupied and fortified by the Union forces as a protective measure to the landing.

Ned Minton, with his scouts, was frequently

ordered into the enemy's country on tours of observation and on foraging expeditions. On one occasion, when ordered out, he moved up the river far enough to catch a glimpse of the stars and bars, flying on the garrison flag-staff at City Point. Seeing no Confederate soldiers along the river or in the forest, he "borrowed" a boat, and made a landing on a small island, in the James River, where there was a planter's residence and some slave tenements.

When Ned got near enough to extend greetings to the inmates he found the place defended by a sharp tongued old lady, and her black eyed daughter, who was nearly as beligerent as her mother. For aught Ned knows, they yet hold the position and are still talking; but, despite their volley of words, Ned's party helped themselves to flour, fowl, tobacco, and other things, which they deemed they could, in any way, make useful. The boat was loaded to the water's edge. Noticing a red cloth hanging from an upper story window. Ned suspected it to be a signal which boded him no good, and wisely pulled away.

Some of the chickens were taken into camp alive in view of making them useful as egg producers, but this attempt was a failure, as one morning they were found missing, and careful search failed

to discover anything but the smell of savory odors, from dishes on sundry camp fires, presided over by guards of the previous night. This condition led to a consultation, by others in the regiment who had living chickens, and the result was a general beheading of the remainder, "to save their lives," as declared by private Pat Doherty. On evacuating Harrison's Landing, the Army of the Potomac marched down the Peninsular, and went into camp Aug. 20th at Yorktown, near the spot where Cornwallis surrendered his sword to the American forces. The duties here were varied. On October 9th the cavalry pickets near Williamsburg were attacked and driven in, and all the forces in the vicinity were rushed into the fort, anticipating the general attack that never came.

On the 22d of November, nine companies of the regiment embarked on the gunboats, Mahaska and Putnam, and the tug boat May Queen, and entered Mojack Bay; then proceeded up the East River and made a landing in Mathews County, Va. Here the forces were divided and sent in various directions, the squads destroying large quantities of salt found at different points, and breaking the kettles in which it had been boiled.

On December 11th, the regiment with other

troops crossed the York river to Gloucester Point, and took up the line of march to Gloucester Court House, several miles in the interior. From this point small foraging parties were sent in various directions, capturing herds of cattle, sheep, mules and horses, and thousands of pounds of poultry.

Ned and his scouts took part in these raids. At one plantation Ned took a valuable horse, which he intended for his own use. The mistress of the place appeared so gracious and full of sympathy for the Union cause, that Ned became chivalrous and tendered her a good sum in green backs, as recompense for her horse. When she saw the bills, she scornfully refused them, saying that she did not care to let her horse go for that kind of trash. Ned now saw the true value of her loyalty. He then offered her some advertising bills, which had been put in circulation by a New York firm, in imitation of Confederate scrip. These she cheerfully accepted, and, the sum being larger than she had expected, she presented him with a pair of soft woolen socks, which, she said, were knit by her daughter Jenny, a blushing maiden of eighteen summers, whom she introduced. Ned greeted her politely, and gained her good will by promising to hold her in grateful remembrance, and by expressing the hope of renewing their

acquaintance at the close of the cruel war. When he did think of her, in after years, he tried to imagine her feelings towards him after learning the true value of her "wad."

On December 28th, 1862, the Eleventh Maine, with other forces, severed its connection with the Army of the Potomac, and boarded the ocean steamer, Cahawba, which sailed under sealed orders for Beaufort, N. C. When in the vicinity of Hatteras, a heavy storm arose. The seas ran high, sweeping the deck and causing the ship, Monticello, in tow of the Cahawba, to part her hawser. She was thereby thrown upon her own resources, loaded down as she was with horses, artillery, supplies and men. The fleet sustained a great deal of damage, the greatest disaster being the loss of the famous Monitor in tow of the Rhode Island. She went down before morning, and some of her brave men were swept away before they could be transferred from her deck, to that of her escort.

On New Years morning 1863, the boat steamed to the wharf at Morehead City, N. C., where the troops took up the line of march for Carolina City, three miles distant. This city consisted of three houses, a barn, a railroad depot and the ruins of a hotel. Troops were concentrated here in view

of making an attack upon Charleston, S. C. The regiment was encamped by the sea, where its members were recuperating and drilling until January 29th., when it re-embarked on the Cahawba and made landings at Hilton Head, St. Helena Island and Beaufort, for various purposes. After another month spent in drilling, building wharves and organizing "contrabands," it again went on board the same steamer and ran down the Carolina coast to assist the fleet in the planned attack upon Charleston. But after a lively bombardment, in which the fleet received more damage than it gave, the effort against the city was suspended for a time.

All the forces intended for the storming party were sent to Beaufort, from whence the 11th sailed on the steamer Boston for Florida, landing at Fernandina January 5th. Three companies were sent to garrison Fort Clinch, four miles distant, its guns commanding the harbor, Cumberland Sound and the approaches by land.

That part of the regiment, at Fernandina, was kept busily employed organizing and drilling freed men, and strengthening the defences. During the time it was there, a large fort was constructed by colored conscripts, working under the direction of Sergeant Gross, the regimental color

bearer, who was highly complimented for his skill by the chief engineer, who inspected the completed work.

At the fort, after the duties of learning to handle the big guns, had been performed, the men indulged in such sport as catching mullet and monster sea turtle, and labored in a vain effort to subdue alligators, rattlers, fleas and mosquitoes, a species of the latter, known among the natives as galley nippers, and among the soldiers as galliant nippers, far exceeded in size, voracity, and song power any other depterous insect known to man.

At best, the duties in Florida were out of harmony with the spirit of the boys of the Eleventh, who went south to fight the life out of the rebellion as quickly as possible, and then return to the peaceful pursuits, they had for the time, suspended. Therefore the announcement that the regiment had received orders to report for service at Morris Island, S. C., and that the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania had already arrived to relieve it, was hailed with joy. A detachment of forty, men from the Eleventh, under Lieutenant Sellmer, was already in service on the Island, and had given the City of Charleston its first baptism of iron fired from the famous Swamp Angel Battery.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Morris Island.—Swamp Angel Battery.—An April Fool.—Sad Incidents.

ON the afternoon of October 6th, 1863, the Eleventh Maine left on the steamer, Boston, and before night was far out at sea. The next morning the boat passed Hilton Head and ran into Stono Inlet, and the troops made a landing on Folly Island late that afternoon. At ten o'clock, next day, they crossed to Morris Island on a pontoon bridge.

Morris Island is a strip of white sand about four miles in length, running nearly north and south, against which beat fierce winds and the waves of the Atlantic, frequently changing its general appearance by piling its sands in ever changing drifts several feet in height. Its broad southerly end, adjacent to Folly and Black Islands was well out of range of the guns from Sullivan and James Islands, and served as a camping ground for the troops, not actively engaged at the front, and as head-quarters for supplies. The upper part of the island is narrow,

its width being nearly covered by Fort Wagner, beyond which it turns toward the city of Charleston in a hooked projection, known as Cummings Point. Upon this point were Forts Gregg and Chatfield and numerous unnamed batteries, in which, were mounted both mortar and parrott guns. From Fort Gregg it was thirteen hundred yards to Sumpter, which was surrounded by the waters of the bay. Beyond Sumpter were forts Moultry and Beauregard, on Sullivans Island, about half a mile distant. From Cummings Point the spires of the city of Charleston were plainly seen with the naked eye.

On the border of a creek flowing between Morris and Black Islands rested the remains of a floating battery, built by the Confederates early in the war. It proved to be of little service to them, however, as a fleet or fort destroyer; but later, it did good service for both sides as a night station for the advance picket posts, the force arriving first, by boat, taking quiet and undisputed possession.

Farther on, about half a mile from Black Island, was the famous Swamp Angel Battery, built on the marsh bordering a creek. The battery was reached by boat from Light House Inlet, and on foot by a single plank walk about half a mile

long, beginning at Black Island. The planks were supported above high water mark, by frail tressles driven into the mud. At high tide the entire marsh, between the battery and Black Island, was covered with water, only the top of the tall marsh grass being visible. This battery was built in view of shelling Charleston, its position being the nearest point to the city then held by the Union forces, the Confederates being in possession of the upper end of Morris Island, with both Forts Wagner and Gregg.

The Swamp Angel Battery was about eight thousand yards distant from St. Michaels Church, at which the first shell was directed, the gun being ranged by compass, the first instance on record of the range of an object being thus obtained. From the position of the battery on the low marsh, the city was invisible, James Island with its woods and fortifications completely hiding it from view.

There was but one gun mounted on the battery, a two hundred pound Parrott rifle. Its weight was sixteen thousand three hundred pounds; weight of carriage and chassis, eight thousand pounds; diameter of bore, eight inches; weight of shot, two hundred pounds; weight of shell, one hundred and seventy-five pounds; service charge,

sixteen pounds of powder; charge used, twenty pounds.

The battery consisted of an epaulment made of sand bags, supported by a grillage of round logs, crossing each other at right angles, in two layers, resting on the marsh. The rectangular opening was just large enough to receive the platform of the gun, its foundation being layers of marsh grass, canvas and sand, topped with hard pine planks.

When the battery was completed, the gun mounted, and a few rounds of ammunition stored in the little magazine, barely large enough to admit one man, J. W. Turner, Chief of Artillery, gave instructions to Lieutenant Sellmer, of the Eleventh Maine, to take charge, with his detachment, and to prepare to open upon the city at ten o'clock that night.

Lieutenant Sellmer went to the battery that afternoon, making his way over the plank walk. He was fired upon by the guns of Fort Simpkins, on James Island, about one thousand yards distant, but escaped injury. To avoid accident to the boats, the cartridges, containing twenty pounds of powder each, were carried to the battery after dark, in woolen bags, over the plank walk, on the shoulders of the men.

At half past one o'clock, on August 22nd, 1863, the first shell sped over James' Island into the city. After the second shot, the bells commenced to ring to call out the fire department, for the Government Medical Purveyor's store-house had been set on fire. The Confederates replied with but two ten inch sea-coast mortars in Fort Johnson, on James' Island, the other batteries evidently not being garrisoned at night.

At every shot fired, from the Swamp Angel battery, the whole structure swayed to and fro, moving the pintle-block which held the gun-carriage in its place, a little at each shot, to the sixteenth. It then being displaced three feet, it became necessary to cease firing, lest the gun be completely dismounted.

The next morning Chief Engineer, Colonel Edward W. Serrell, who inspected the damage, asked for two days to make the necessary repairs. In the mean time a steamer, under flag of truce, came from the city with officials who protested against the bombardment, until due notice and time to leave had been given non-combatants. Accordingly General Gilmore gave them until ten o'clock the following night, assuring them that the firing would be resumed at that hour.

On the following morning the enemy opened with every gun and mortar they could bring to bear upon the gun or its approaches, with the evident intention of making the resumption of firing an impossibility. At noon, while the Confederate gunners were at dinner, Lieutenant Selmer and six men, of the detachment, went over the plank walk to the battery to prepare the ammunition. After dinner the Confederate firing was resumed, and kept up until sunset, when it again ceased. Then Lieutenant Foster and ten men of the detachment, bearing powder as before, made the passage to the battery by the same route as those at noon time. After dark firing was resumed, by the Confederates, and kept up without intermission until morning.

For four hours, from dark until ten o'clock, the time appointed to open fire, the little squad of gunners were forced to sit idly by and watch the threatening mortar shells mounting a mile high, in air, the burning fuse scintillating and twinkling through the darkness, the air whistling with ever increasing force, by contact with the fuse-plug and shell ears, as the shells descended with ever increasing speed, accompanied with that "jee whis," "jee whis" sound so familiar to the besiegers. At a few moments before ten o'clock, the gun was

loaded, and with lanyard in hand, a man stood ready to pull, when the command fire was given, just as the hands of the watch marked the hour designated by the truce. Then the seventeenth shell from the Swamp Angel sped on its course with a humming sound plainly heard, for the first two miles, by the men in the battery.

Hereupon the enemy redoubled their fire from all their batteries, as if enraged at their inability to stop the bombardment. There was now not an instant when there was not a deadly messenger either on its way or exploding in close proximity to the battery. After the sixth shot, the gunner reported that he was unable to enter the priming wire in the vent. An examination showed that the gun was parting under the wrought iron band at the breech, square across, opposite the vent. The firing was continued, however, until the twentieth round, when the gun burst. The breech, leaving its jacket at the vent, was blown through the chassis and scaffolding and plunged into the mud, at the rear, while the muzzle-end pitched forward, upon the epaulment clear of the carriage. It had died like a good soldier, face to the foe; and its last shot had sped as smoothly to the city as any fired that night.

The injuries from this accident were slight.

Lieutenant Sellmer's ear was injured and his hair and eyebrows singed. One gunner had the knuckles of his right hand cut by a flying bolt, from the carriage, another was knocked into the mud at the rear of the gun, and still a third gunner was somewhat injured.

The firing on the city was now necessarily stopped, until after the capture of the forts on the upper end of Morris Island; then it was resumed from a one hundred pound parrott gun on Fort Gregg, at Cummings Point, and occasionally, from a battery of thirty two pound Parrotts in a work between Gregg and Wagner.

During the siege of Charleston the soldiers of the Union and Confederate Armies frequently found means to mitigate the conditions of cruel warfare by playing jokes upon one another, which were well understood, though the perpetrators were miles apart.

On April 1st, 1863, when stationed at Black Island, several Union soldiers were talking in a group, in full view of a Confederate Battery, about a mile distant. A Confederate gunner who, evidently, was in a playful mood, sent a shell flying over them. It came so unexpectedly, that none attempted to find cover, but the shot put them on the watch, and when the gun flashed

forth a second time, they all fled to places of safety; but as no shell came over, it gradually dawned upon them that the joking gunner had successfully played an April fool upon them. .

If there are pleasing incidents in army life, there are sad ones also. On the eighth day of December the wind being heavy, cold and variable, thereby making the course of the shells uncertain, firing was suspended at the mortar batteries. A half dozen of the gunners fled to the splinter proof, leading to the magazine, to escape from the piercing wind. They had been there but a short time when a ten inch shell, fired from Fort Moultrie, came crashing through, and exploded in the alley, barely two feet in width. Corporal Horace F. Albee, of Company C. was instantly killed, and private Bradley L. Kimball was mortally wounded, and four other men of the regiment more or less injured.

There were about fifty barrels of powder in the magazine, but fortunately the explosion plugged the door way with sand, effectually excluding the sparks. The splinter proof was thrown down by the explosion, burying all the men within the passage. Those of the gun crew outside stood spell bound, for a moment, anxiously expecting that the magazine would blow up, but upon see-

ing that this danger was past, they caught up their shovels and worked with a will, until both the living and the dead were unburied.

On December 17th, 1863, another unpleasant sight, which all the soldiers off duty on the Island were forced to witness, was the execution of a deserter. This man, a member of the Third New Hampshire, was said to be a bounty jumper, who first deserted from the Confederate Army and made his way north to enlist in the Union Army, for money. Be that as it may, he had in his possession a large roll of "green-backs," and was caught while attempting to desert to the enemy.

Sitting on the head of the coffin intended for his remains, and nonchalantly smoking a cigar, he rode to the beach, attended by an escort, and drum corps beating the dead march. Here he dismounted and, kneeling beside his coffin, was shot dead, in the presence of thousands of his comrades, as an example to deter others from attempting to perform a similar act.

CHAPTER XIX.

**Spy and Scout.—A Bold Theft.—Hauling Big Team.—Destruction of Blockade Runner.—
Intelligent Horses.**

SOON after his arrival at Morris Island, Ned Minton became associated with the secret service and did duty, in various lines, whenever called upon. On every dark and stormy night, with his detachment, he was in his boat and left the shore in company with the regular boat pickets. It was said, that stowed away in the stern of his boat, he carried a Confederate suit, ornamented with straps indicating the rank of Major in that army, yet few knew what use he made of it, for the doings of Ned and his men were known only to those in authority.

On one occasion Ned and crew landed on the marsh, near Charleston, and after secreting the boat and crew in the tall marsh grass, Ned, disguised in his rebel suit, visited the hotels in the city, and while pretending to be absorbed in reading the daily papers, he was really listening to the conversation of the guests, who were mostly Confederate officers. In this way he gained a knowl-

edge of the forces in and about the city, and the contemplated movement of troops at different points outside. At one time, when passing a Confederate sentry who was eying him closely, he stopped abruptly and completely disconcerted him by repremanding him severely for his unsoldier-like appearance.

To act as spy requires nerve and self possession, under all circumstances, for, to be recognized as such and caught, means death, and that most speedily. Ned always went well armed with pistols, and depended on them and his fleetness of foot for his safety. If detected he shot quickly and then disappeared in the darkness, and speedily made his way to his boat, his faithful men always remaining in waiting, listening for his signal; though, frequently, they were nearly perished with cold before they heard the joyful sound of his coming.

There was a chain boom across the channel between Moultrie and Sumpter, to bar the passage of the fleet, should an attempt to reach the city, be made from that point. Ned gave this boom much attention on dark nights, sounding its location, where anchored below the surface, and sustained at a uniform depth by buoys. He tried at various times to sever its connections, but was

always unsuccessful. Later on, however, the elements did the job which he was unable to perform, for, during a heavy storm, it was broken, and sections of the heavy oak timbers, secured by iron hoops, in which the chain was encased, came ashore on Morris Island. These timbers were regarded by the soldiers as providential favors, for they were quickly cut in suitable length and used for stockade for tents, and for fuel for the camp-fires.

It also fell to Ned's lot to inspect the walls of Sumpter, to ascertain if it were possible for a storming party to scale them. He made several landings there in his boat, by night. In fact Ned was so often associated with danger and escaped unharmed, in those days, that he almost began to believe that he possessed a charmed life.

At one time a scow being badly needed, and none being at hand, Ned conceived the idea of capturing one from the enemy. There was a good one fastened at the wharf at Seceshville, which could be reached by sailing up a narrow creek. If the attempt was made, however, it must be done in broad daylight, as a block house, which stood on the marsh beside the creek, was garrisoned by the enemy at night. It was a hazardous undertaking by day, for sentinels were posted in the im-

mediate locality of the wharf, and a fort, bristling with cannon, was handy by.

Ned depended on the very boldness of the act to disconcert the enemy and accomplish his object. He waited until a day when the tide turned at noon, so that it would be favorable to bear the scow along the swift current down the creek. Then he prepared a torch, and after selecting four of his best men, he pulled leisurely up the creek. What the Confederates thought to see a boat with men pulling so slowly from the yankee line, straight to the wharf at Seceshville, was never learned; but that is what Ned did. Then, with one clip of the ax, he severed the painter which held it and immediately it started with the current toward the creek.

Then every man in the boat bent with all his might to the oars, for by this time the Sentinels had taken in the situation, and some were crying—"Turn out the guard! Turn out the guard!" while others began shooting at the boat which had now gotten off a long gun shot, and was partially shielded by the high banks of the winding creek. A light battery now began to play upon them, and bid fair to kill the men or sink the boat, whenever it came into view in turning the corners.

Yet Ned meant to accomplish the whole object of his trip, whatever the result. When the boat neared the block-house he lighted his torch, sprang to the bank, and cast it through the doorway. The next moment a shell plowed through the bank, covering him so thickly with soft mud that he was unrecognizable.

A large force of Confederates, at Seceshville, and a large Union force, at Black Island had now become deeply interested, and were out watching the plunging shells, nearly all of which, from the point of observation, seemed to have passed through the little boat or destroyed its daring crew. It is said that brave men admire their kind, every where; and this instance proved no exception. When Ned cast the torch and escaped death so narrowly, a great cheer went up, from both lines, and the chivalrous Confederates desisted from firing another shot.

The block-house burned flat, and the scow came along in due time. The congratulations heaped upon Ned and his brave boatmen, both by comrades and superiors, was well merited and their daring act was a source of envy to many an aspiring young soldier, in the garrison at Black Island, notwithstanding the deed accomplished was

universally acknowledged to be unworthy of the risk.

Ned had one opportunity, while in the army, to make use of his power over horses as he had done over oxen so long ago. He was going to the front when he came upon a twenty-four horse team assisted by one hundred negroes on the lead. The team, which had for a load a large gun of many thousand pounds heft, was stuck fast in the sand. Ned took in the situation at a glance, and told the teamster that his horses were too aristocratic to work with negroes, and advised him to unfasten the rope and let them go. After this was done, Ned walked around the team, speaking to each horse, as he had done to the oxen, and picking up a stick and swinging it gave them the word to go. They all pulled together and soon the team was out of the sand, in which the great wheels had stuck, and on its way to the front, while the negroes demurely walked behind the gun well pleased with the condition which exempted them from the hard service which they had heretofore been accustomed.

The blockading fleet consisted of two distinct lines by day, and three by night. By day the iron-clads formed the line just inside the bar, some three or four miles from the island, and the

wooden ships the outer line, about the same distance from the ironclads. By night a line of boat pickets was established between the islands and the city, and as still greater precautionary measures, against surprise by the enemy, or the possibility of the entrance to the port of the blockade runners, armed tug boats were kept steaming around patrolling the harbor.

Notwithstanding these precautions, occasionally a steamer with valuable cargo would succeed in evading the fleet, the Captain taking his bearings by a bright light kept constantly burning in the steeple of St. Michaels Church in the beleagere*u* city. On February second, the night being dark and foggy, a large white steamer stole through the fleet, but ran aground on Sullivans Island, about a mile distant from Fort Moultrie.

When the fog scaled, about ten o'clock, the next morning, she was first sighted by those who manned the forts on Morris Island. They noted that about a thousand Confederates were dilligently going back and forth, discharging her cargo, making the trips on a hastily constructed plank walk reaching from the shore to the deck. Mule teams were also observed carting the goods to a place of safety as fast as they were landed.

Immediately on this discovery, a hundred

pound shell, from Wagner, was sent flying over the steamers' deck. Several other guns from the land batteries, and those on two monitors were put in operation against her, the shells causing consternation among the workers and havoc to the craft, which soon caught fire and burned to the waters edge. During the bombardment the rebel batteries were active against the forts, in a vain effort to distract the aim of the Union gunners or cause them to direct their fire elsewhere, than at this valuable target.

A sentinel was posted on Wagner to watch the rebel guns and give warning to the gunners of the approach of shells. This was given by shouting "James Island—cover!" or, "Sullivan Island—cover!" The name of the island, thus given, indicated the direction from which the shells were coming.

Horses also learned the danger incident to these destructive missels, and the significance of these calls to cover and learned them nearly as readily as the men. On this instance, when the firing was at its height, two officers rode up the beach and dismounting at Wagner, hitched their horses outside the stockade. It was frequently remarked that these intelligent beasts, when active, seemed to enter into the spirit and enjoyment of

the battle, but, like men, when held in reserve among the flying missiles, realized the danger more fully hence, became nervous and timid. When the lookout on the fort gave the cry, "to cover," these horses cowered and in this kneeling position trembled with fear until the shell exploded and the danger was past, then they arose and were calm until the next call, when they repeated the act as before.

CHAPTER XX.

Return to Virginia.—Fighting and Scouting.—Confederates Evacuate the Bermuda Hundred Front.—Landing at Deep Bottom.—Finding a Pot of Gold and Silver Coin.

ON April 19th, 1863, the Ninth and Eleventh Maine Regiments boarded the steamship *Cosmopolitan* and sailed from Morris Island for Virginia, arriving at Gloucester Point on April 23d, landing in sight of the camping ground, at Yorktown, which they had left to go south fifteen months before. The landing there was made in view of deceiving the Confederates. On the fifth of the following month, all of the forces there, embarked on steamers and joined a fleet of transports and gunboats at Fortress Monroe, General B. F. Butler in command, and sailed up the James river, landing at City Point the same night. Butler started on this expedition with forty thousand men, but when the battle of Drurey's Bluff was fought, a few days later, he had only about seventeen thousand, having left five thousand at Port Walthall, about five thousand at City Point, and three thousand at the Bermuda

Hundred intrenchments, while the cavalry, under Kautz, was let loose to raid the Confederate communications south of the Union position.

Ned's regiment passed several eventful weeks at Bermuda Hundred and vicinity. It was engaged in the battle of Drurey's Bluff and Bermuda Hundred and in numberless skirmishes with the enemy, losing, during that time, one hundred and two men killed and wounded and five taken prisoners.

During all this time, Ned was serving as scout, or spy, risking his neck to obtain information of the intended movements of the enemy, which knowledge he reported to General Butler or his aids. On the night of the fifteenth of June, a commotion being heard along Beauregard's front, and reports coming in that he was massing cannon and infantry for an attack, Ned was sent out alone, to learn, if possible, the true conditions.

He went to the picket line, and after learning the position of the two Confederate vedetts, nearest a thick swamp, he wormed himself along inch by inch, until he was sure that he had passed between them and was inside the Confederate lines. Then he traveled cautiously, keeping in the thick woods until he came in sight of the Richmond and Petersburg turnpike. Here he saw artillery, in-

fantry and baggage trains passing along in a steady stream, indicating that Beauregard's army was in full retreat.

Becoming satisfied that the threatened attack was made, by the enemy, to cover his real purpose, he again made his way back through the rebel vedetts, then through the Union lines, reporting at head-quarters just at daybreak. On hearing Ned's report of these facts, couriers were at once sent out for an immediate advance of the whole Union front.

When this advance was made, the Confederate line, from the Howlett House to the Appomatox, was found to be without a defender, as had been predicted by Ned.

On the twentieth of June, the brigade, of which the Eleventh was a part, marched to Jones' Landing, and, under cover of darkness, crossed the James River, in pontoon boats, and made a landing at Deep Bottom. Lieutenant Ned Minton and his scouts, having previously visited the country, and noted the weakest positions, acted as guides in advancing the lines and establishing the posts.

The thin line of Confederate pickets fell back upon the approach of the Union forces, without offering resistance. The fortified lines of the enemy were well back from the river, beyond the

reach of the Union gun boats. They were strongly fortified on Deep Bottom Bluff, the works extending to Chapins Bluff and along Bailey's Creek to Fussells Mills, a distance of several miles. This position covered the river road, running to Newmarket road west of Baileys Creek, and traversed the wooded edge of Strawberry Plains, even running beyond Malvern Hill.

The Union picket line, as first established, extended from the creek through the woods, then swung back through a field on the left to the river. Near the mouth of Four Mile Creek, next the river road, the Union forces maintained a post of observation, defended by two companies of the Eleventh. General Grant now made the Deep Bottom position the base of his operations on the north side of the James.

By this time the weather had become hot and oppressive, and the two armies, on either side of the river, remained, for the most part, inactive for several weeks. Some time during the first part of July Lieutenant Minton sallied out with his scouts and burned a mill which was being run to grind grain for the Confederate army; he also burned some other buildings occupied by men engaged in the manufacture of shoes and clothing for the same purpose.

Yet by far the most exciting event this month was the finding of a pot containing seven thousand dollars in gold and silver coin. It came about in this way. A house near the river had been shelled and burned: A Dutch soldier, belonging to the Tenth Connecticut, while in search of bait to fish in the river, observing a box in the front yard, around which yet stood the fence undisturbed, entered the gateway, raised it and commenced to dig for worms. He had dug down but a few inches, however, when his shovel came in contact with an iron pot.

He was observed, while in the act of raising it, by a drummer boy, who cried out lustily,—“Fall in for your gold and silver!” Some five hundred soldiers, near by, were attracted by the lads cries, and rushed upon the Dutchman, knocking him over and strewing the contents of the pot over the yard. Several packages of bright silver, halves and quarters, which were broken open and scattered about, gave the impression to the excited soldiers that a vault containing countless millions had been found, and each scrambled and pushed to get his share. Two small boxes which fell from the pot, and were buffeted around for some time by those eager to get a larger share, were accepted as last resort, one each, by two soldiers.

One box was found to contain seven hundred dollars, in gold, and the other three hundred dollars of the same metal. The soldier who got the larger amount sold it to an officer for fourteen hundred dollars in "green backs," obtained his discharge and returned home, where he married and became a peaceful and happy citizen.

Three dollars and a half fell to the lot of the Dutchman, who unearthed the treasure. This amount he exchanged with his sutler for palatable food, all of which he devoured before he slept.

CHAPTER XXI.

Ned Minton Visits the Lantaler Mansion and Becomes Interested in its Captivating Mistress.—Fighting at Strawberry Plains.—Captures an Obnoxious Guerrilla.

LIEUTENANT Ned Minton had performed numerous services worthy of promotion, since his return to Virginia soil, yet he was somewhat surprised by receiving a commission by mail, July 10th, giving him the rank of Captain from a date several months back. He had received frequent orders from the General in command in regard to gaining a knowledge of important and desirable secrets beyond the established lines of the Confederates, a work which was always hazardous, frequently requiring sudden and fierce clashes with the enemy in the darkness, or the exercise of great caution and silent and stealthy movements.

The particular business in hand usually received Ned's undivided attention; but sometimes, when his orders were indefinite, and the time for his return unlimited, he would execute plans, of his

own making, which would result in the capture of a lone vedette, from some advanced and exposed position, or perchance, he would be led to call upon a planter of known Union sympathies to learn of the movements of the enemy, and incidentally, to purchase a few luxuries such as poultry, bacon and eggs, sweet cider, apple-jack, or some of the tempting messes prepared by the "black mammy" of the place.

On one occasion, when about to return at the close of a day, spent in the border of a forest, along which he and his men had been skulking and crawling, in various directions, to ascertain, if possible, the location and strength of the enemy, Ned resolved to visit an aristocratic looking residence situated upon an eminence overlooking the James river, a house which before had not received his personal attention. He informed his men of his intention, and then marched them from the woods halting at a safe distance. After instructing them what to do in case of an emergency, he deployed them in a circuit around the premises, and leaving them, passed through the labyrinth of trailing vines, which grew profusely about the place, and rapped with the hilt of his sword upon the oaken door, at the front of the mansion.

There was a few moments delay ; then a chamber window was raised and a beautiful girl of, perhaps, eighteen years of age, appeared there and in a soft sweet voice inquired who was there and what was wanted. Ned replied that he was not a free forager, as perhaps she might think, but a Union soldier in search of something to eat, for which he was prepared to pay in Confederate or Yankee money, as she might prefer. The young woman replied that she would be glad to render aid to soldiers of the Union without pay ; but the Confederates had stripped the place of nearly everything edible ; yet if he chose to come in, he would be very welcome to such as she had, ready prepared, which was nothing better than corn-bread and milk.

An old negro, who proved to be the only other occupant was sent to open the door. He ushered Ned into the parlor where he found the young lady awaiting his entrance. She gave him a gracious and patriotic reception, by gently waving a small American flag, upon which she cast glances so devout, that none could doubt her loyalty to it, even had she not told him that she loved this little emblem, which, for many months, had been the only visible link to remind her of a once united country, which she had ever been

taught to love with a devotion which life itself was considered none too dear a sacrifice to keep from being torn asunder: and that her prayers were offered daily for the cause to which he was giving the best years of his life to promote.

Many times, while performing his detached duties, Ned had met with southern ladies, whose eyes flashed defiance, and whose lips hurled stinging epithets at the Union soldiers and the Union cause, but here was one, among the many, who stood a living and devoted supporter of the principles which he had sworn to defend; and to say that he was filled with admiration and respect for this beautiful being, who seemed to be loyalty itself, would but half express the feeling of his heart as he bowed and accepted the seat which she offered him.

By the order of his young mistress, the old servant brought in the bread and milk and presented it, after which he retired from the room; then the young lady entertained the Captain, as he ate, by relating bits of her family history which served to greatly strengthen his interest in her and his determination to see to her future welfare as far as possible. She told him that of the sufferings which she had been called upon to bear, the last few months, the hardest was the death of her

father and departure of her brother. Both had loved and revered the old Union with a devotion which no promise of money, rank or station could lead them to forsake. Her father had repeatedly been offered high positions to espouse the Confederate cause, all of which he refused with indignation, which served to bring his case immediately to a crisis. He was conscripted and assigned to the forces, then drilling for the defense of Richmond, immediately after the Confederate defeat at Williamsburg. At the Battle of Fair Oaks he was forced to the front and fell while advancing upon Casey's division, his dying words forming a prayer for the Union cause.

In order to escape the rebel service her young brother, who was but thirteen years of age, had recently passed "over the line" and enlisted, as a drummer, in a Pennsylvania regiment.

Since this last event, she had been suspected and accused of imparting information concerning the Confederate army, to Union officers, and was watched by one James Sinclair, a Lieutenant in the Confederate service, who commanded a small scouting party which was then encamped but a couple of miles from her residence. She also stated that she had that day visited a friend, who lived near his encampment, and Sinclair, becom-

ing cognizant of the fact, improved this opportunity to call upon her, and insolently press his suit, which she refused to consider, as she had done on two previous occasions. Her rejection excited his wrath, to that extent that he made no concealment of his intentions to compel her to accept him, totally regardless of her feelings towards him. To influence her, he drew a vivid and startling picture of her dangerous position, by informing her that he had made it a part of his business, in the interest of the Confederate cause, to observe her movements, for the past several weeks, during which time he had obtained positive proof, from various sources, that she had been making visits into the interior, upon a forged pass, for the purpose of gleaning military secrets, to impart to Union officers; and he demanded consent to his proposals or he would take steps for her apprehension which, doubtless, would result in her conviction as a spy. To impress upon her mind the depth of affection he entertained and the lenity he could show, he said he would keep her great crime, a secret in his own breast, for the space of one week, at the expiration of which time, he would visit her residence to learn her decision.

The young lady said she had fully considered

the matter, while on her way home, and thoroughly realized the peril in which she found herself placed, by reason of the Union sentiments of herself and brother, which had been openly expressed on all occasions. Knowing the unprincipled character and vindictive disposition, attributed to Sinclair, she said she had, previous to his visit, resolved to apply to officers of the Union army for advice, and that she welcomed this opportunity to consult him, and begged him to give her friendly counsel in the matter which appeared dark indeed to her.

After considering a few moments Captain Minton inquired if she knew the strength of the forces commanded by Sinclair. She said she had learned that his band numbered about thirty, and that they were maintaining a Guerrilla warfare and that he was using his own methods, with little restraint attempted by his superiors, consequently many of his acts were extremely barbarous, and fears of possible retaliation made him shrewd and cunning; hence he seldom ventured near the Union lines without a portion of his command, and it was her opinion when he made his visit to her it would be made in force, for he never entered a house even within the Confederate limits without

first posting sentinels to watch all the approaches.

After hearing this statement, Captain Minton informed her that he considered her case precarious, and that he saw but two ways to proceed which would give her any measure of hope for protection. The first, and most reasonable one, was for her to leave her home and seek refuge in the Union lines, exposed as she would be to the fire of both armies, should a general action occur; and the second was for him to attempt to capture or destroy Sinclair, and band, on the night of his appointed visit.

The congenial feeling experienced between Captian Minton, and his young entertainer, had banished the thought of the necessity or propriety of an introduction, for the time being, but each, recognizing a duty to the other, an informal introduction followed, then Ned, as we will yet call him, learned that the name of this beautiful girl was Daisy Lantaler. Following the introduction she continued her narrative by saying—that, on the receipt of the news of her father's untimely death, her mother received a shock from which she never recovered, and her brother, in the Union Army, was the only living relative, left her and she had promised him she would remain and care for the

home which was about all that remained to them, of a large property, formerly owned by the family, and this promise she desired to fulfill. Therefore she wished to remain on the place, and would, if he thought it passibly prudent to do so.

Upon learning of Miss Lantaler's preference to remain at home, Captain Minton informed her that he would attempt that which he had already intimated, if Sinclair should visit her on the appointed night, and if the status of the two armies remained the same until that time. Tears filled the eyes of Miss Lantaler as she feelingly expressed regrets of the existance of circumstances which necessitated the imperiling of his life for her sake; but Ned assured her that the protection of loyal citizens was a part of the duty of soldiers, of the Union, and her appreciation and approval, in the present case, was ample reward to stimulate him to perform that duty.

The Lantaler homestead, situated on a bluff, over-looking the James river, was easily covered by Union gunboats. For this reason no attempt was likely to be made, by the enemy, to extend his lines in that direction, hence, the risk of detection being slight, Miss Lantaler was advised to send her trusty old servant at ten o'clock, on a certain night, during the week, to a piece of heavy

oak timber adjoining the Union lines, which, on occasions, was a rendezvous for his band, should she, by chance, gain any information of movements, contemplated by Lieutenant Sinclair, which might offer exceptional opportunities to hasten his capture. A glance at his watch and an exclamation of surprise at the lateness of the hour, by Ned, was a reminder, to Miss Lantaler, that the time had indeed passed swiftly and pleasantly away, then a regretful expression came to her lips, that duty compelled him to depart so soon. A gentle pressure of the extended hand, a whispered "goodnight," and the swinging to and fro of the oaken door, then Miss Lantaler stood alone, her heart pulsating with feelings never before experienced, as she contrasted, in her mind, the brave and gentlemanly bearing of Captain Minton and the swaggering, profane and unprincipled conduct of Sinclair.

After leaving the presence of Miss Lantaler, Ned quietly assembled his men and marched them to camp, within the Union lines, where they were dismissed for the night. He then spread his blanket and, while meditating upon the events which recently had encircled his life, and speculating upon the probable results, he fell asleep.

During the next week, or on July 21st, a sharp

fight commenced on Strawberry Plains, and lasted until the 25th. The Eleventh being engaged, Ned promptly responded to the order to report with his men, to his Colonel for duty. The fight was thus protracted, partly, by reason of the loss of an important position, by a brigade of the 19th Corps, which had been left to hold it. The work had to be retaken, and the General having assigned the job to the Eleventh made it imperative for the regiment to return to the Plains.

This caused Ned anxious hours, for he feared that accumulating duties might prevent the fulfilment of his promise to Miss Lantaler, but the return of his regiment, to Deep Bottom, on the very night of his appointed interview with her old servant, raised his hope to succeed and impelled him to hasten to the appointed rendezvous, in the oaks, where he tarried until midnight, vainly looking and listening for the approach of the old negro. That the failure of the darky to appear caused Ned forebodings of evil, to the fair inmate of the Lantaler mansion, was evident from his appearance.

On the night appointed by Lieut. Sinclair to visit Miss Lantaler, Crptain Ned Minton was prompt in ordering the assembly of his men by

the one Sergeant, of his little band, who marched them to the front in company with the guards to relieve the pickets. Upon their arrival at the picket line, after the posting of the new guards, the officer in command was informed, by Ned, that he had scouting duties to perform and should return to a certain post, sometime during the night. After informing him that his return signal would be made in imitation of the hoot of an owl, he received the countersign from the officer of the guard, then formed his men in Indian file and led them into the dense darkness of the forest, through which he was guided by the barking of a dog, in the rebel lines, on the north, and the steady splash of the wheel of a propeller, in the James river, on the south.

On emerging from the forest, a line was formed at the border of the Lantaler plantation, then a cautious forward movement began. When they had approached somewhat nearer, mounted, sentinels were observed about the yard. Ned then ordered a halt to consult his men and give them more definite instructions regarding his plans.

While thus engaged, he was somewhat startled by the sudden and mysterious appearance of Miss Lantaler's old servant, who, with hat in hand, saluted the commander and in a suppressed voice,

gave vent to his feelings, by exclaiming in true plantation style:—"Well Capin, dey is dar, sir, dey is dar!" "Who is there?" demanded the Captain. "Why! de sesh 'tenant is dar, an' de parson is dar, who say de missus mus' wed de 'tenant, sar, or dey'l turn her ober to de sogers to put in de prison, sar. An' de sogers is dar, all roun' de house, and de missus—she cry an make belebe git ready for de weddin, sar, but crep in de back room, an tole me, befo' God, masser, to cral fro de corn and fine Capin Minton, an tell him all bout it, sar, so here I is, sar!"

The information derived from the delivery of the above speech by the faithful negro, stimulated Captain Minton to take immediate action. He ordered forward his trusty little band of fifteen men, who had been instructed to shoot the nearest sentinel, as soon as it became evident that they were discovered, then charge with a shout and din to give the impression that the attacking force was a large one, then immediately close around the house to prevent the escape of any member of the party to the contemplated wedding.

According to Ned's plans, the men were not deployed, but were kept in close ranks for united action. When the advancing party was within a hundred yards of the sentinels, the quick swinging

back and forth, of the horses, denoted that the riders were on the alert, and had sighted their enemies, among whom, a moment later, they sent a shower of whistling bullets.

This was the signal for a volley, from the boys in blue, which emptied two saddles and brought down one horse. The echo was still resounding in the valley, when a charge was made, accompanied by a terryfying yell, which sent the rebel horsemen in a scattered and demoralized race across the plantation.

As the little Union band closed around the house, Sinclair and his chaplain came rushing out and hastily mounted the horses which had been left hitched by the gate-way, and deep into the flanks they pressed the spurs. At the first bound horses and riders were sent headlong to earth. This catastrophe brought an oath from Sinclair, who quickly drew a pistol and fired at the head of Captain Minton, as a response to his demand to surrender. As the weapon was raised a second time, with deadly intent, a gleaming blade, wielded by Ned, struck and shattered the arm which held it, then the bold Guerrilla was a prisoner at the mercy of his captor; yet he did not readily recognize that fact, for he again raised his weapon in his left hand, but when he found

himself looking into the muzzles of half a dozen muskets, he saw the folly of further resistance, and readily expressed his willingness to surrender.

Now, when all was over, the old colored servant appeared and manifested, his satisfaction, at the turn of events, by chuckling and pointing significantly at the prostrate horses, whose feet they noticed, for the first time, were securely fettered, in a way, which prevented a step of more than a few inches. It was for this reason that their sudden tumble was now plainly apparent. The continued chuckling of the old darkey excited the suspicion of Sinclair, who upbraided the old negro who replied tauntingly,—“If cuss words was de w’ip cord, dis nig would be shoutin wid de angles, befo’ sun up sure; but bress de good Lord, it am not.”

The disabled and humiliating position of the Guerrilla chieftain was fully comprehended, by the negro, and the venomous tirade against the heroic son of Africa, as he was now styled, was received by him with contempt, and his eyes glistened with pleasure as he witnessed the grimace, from pain, of the enemy of his young mistress, whose true guardian he had been since the death of her parents.

While the scenes, which are above related, were being enacted in the yard, others of the Union

band had taken position beyond the house and were maintaining a steady fire in the direction taken by the routed rebels. Those who were present were ordered, by their commander to assist the chaplain, to his feet, who had been stunned by the fall, and to cut the thongs from the prostrate horses. A few more hurried orders were given in relation to the prisoners and the burial of the dead, then Ned hurriedly entered the mansion to look after the welfare of Miss Lantaler, who was found in tears, and trembling in fearful anticipation of the result of the action.

Just what passed between Ned and Miss Lantaler, during the next hour, is not positively known, but when the maiden came to the door, to bid the Captain good-night, her smiling countenance and trusting manner were regarded as evidences of a heart made happy by deep and enduring friendship or the mystic power of love.

During Ned's interview with Miss Lantaler, the dead had been buried, and the wounds of the living temporarily cared for; consequently, he immediately caused the assembly to be sounded, then he marched, with his prisoners, to camp within the Union lines.

Early the next morning Capt. Minton held an interview with the General which resulted in the advancement of the Union lines beyond the Lantaler plantation, and the posting of guards to protect the property.

CHAPTER XXII.

**Boxes from Home.—Miss Angella Seeley Engages
as Army Nurse.—Battle of Deep Run.**

THE morning following Captain Minton's successful encounter with the Guerrilla band, the mail steamer arrived, at City Point, with an uncommonly large mail, and a great many boxes of food and clothing from dear ones at home.

Among the boxes was one for the Company which went from central Washington County. This box contained socks, handkerchiefs, slippers, thread, needles, writing material and numberless other small articles highly appreciated, by the soldier boys, not only for their intrinsic value, but because they represented the thought, feeling and interest of those at home for the boys at the front, who realized, fully, what it meant to wait and watch through anxious weeks, months and years, in fearful expectancy as a result of each encounter with the armed enemy of liberty and union.

When this box was opened a small package was found directed in a delicate female hand to

Captain Ned Minton. When Ned opened it he found many useful articles, and in the toe of a sock, a note, which sent a thrill through his whole being. The words were simple, yet he dared hope they conveyed a hidden meaning of far greater import than was really apparent. The note read—"From your dearest friend and well wisher," signed Angelia Seeley.

He read the note over and over, and examined carefully every article in the package and noted the delicate handi-work of the donor; then he laid them carefully away in his knapsack.

Among the letters which he received was one from his old friend, Hiram Quagley. Hiram stated that his heart was at the front and when he was about to enlist, his brother emphatically objected, as he too had decided it was his duty to go, and, as but one of them could be spared from home, on account of the feeble condition of their parents, he proposed that the question should be decided by lot, then and there, the result of the drawing leaving him no alternative but to remain at home, for the present, at least.

He wrote, "I am in correspondence with Miss Diana Hubert, of St. John, and we are settled on being married in two weeks, and are to live in a house adjoining the residence of my parents,

where I have no doubt we will be blissfully happy. You know I didn't have a very exalted opinion of Miss Angelia Seeley, but I must say,—I have changed my mind. It is now my opinion, seconded by everybody in this vicinity, that a better, more considerate, patriotic and true hearted young lady, does not exist west of St. John, N. B. A few weeks ago she applied for a position to serve as field army nurse, and, I believe, has been accepted and ordered to report at Fortress Monroe, forthwith."

The turn affairs had taken at home was decidedly unexpected to Ned, but, in a sense, were very gratifying. Yet the thought that Miss Seeley was to undertake the hardship and deprivation of an army nurse gave him a world of anxiety, for he doubted her physical ability to hold up under such a strain, and he also doubted if she had the least conception of the magnitude of her undertaking.

Since the extension of the Union pickets beyond the Lantaler plantation, Miss Daisy Lantaler had opened her house for hospital purposes, and had also offered her services to assist in any way possible, in caring for the sick and wounded. This was very gratifying to Ned, as her voluntary act was recognized as an assurance that his

hastily formed opinion of her worthiness was not misplaced, but his own duties were accumulating and his time to speculate upon the motives of others who were engaged in the same noble cause, was limited.

On the night of August 13th, the Eleventh became a part of the picket out at the front. A few hours previous to this several members of the regiment, who had been home on a sick furlough, returned. Among them was Charley Urann of Co. C. Charley was a good soldier, and full of hope and in the best of spirits he marched to the front with the guards. Through the night he held an appreciative audience to listen to his stories relating to friends at home. At dawn the guards were ordered to roll their blankets and fall into line.

The enemy had been unusually quiet throughout the night, and there was no thought of an advance. When the line was formed, it was deployed facing toward the enemy, whose outer line was not five hundred yards away. At the command "Forward!" there was a brisk movement from the woods out into a slashing of small pine trees. Nothing was to be seen but withering brush, on every hand, which gave forth a peculiar odor. Not a sound was heard except the subdued com-

mands of officers and the rustling of the dry leaves under foot. At the farther edge of the slashing, in pits secreted by brush, the rebels lay in waiting. When the Union lines had advanced, a few yards along the slashing, the enemy opened fire with unerring aim. Charley Urann was the first to fall dead. He had visited his home for the last time.

Corporal McGinnis and private Beedle were the next to give their lives to their country. The heft of the first fire came upon Companies C. and I. Company C. lost sixteen men out of thirty-two, and Company I fared even worse. Major Baldwin and Capt. Sabine also fell severely wounded. In five minutes forty men in the regiment were either killed or wounded and the regiment had scarcely fired a gun. This was the initiatory skirmish of a series of fights which lasted for several days. The line was slightly re-enforced and a determined charge resulted in the capture of a part of the rebels, the remainder being routed from the pits and driven back to a stronger line, composed of forts and rifle pits, which were skirmished against the greater part of the day without result, until they were routed by a flank movement.

On Aug. 16th the Confederate pickets were driven in at Deep Run. The Eleventh lost several

men but continued to advance towards the main fortification. A halt was then ordered to rectify the line and allow other forces to get into position. As soon as they were ready a terrific yell was started on the right and intensified by the Eleventh. A quick forward movement began with the yell. The edge of the woods was soon reached, near the border of which, was a deep ravine. Across this, about seventy-five yards distant, lay the rebel works in full view. Over the top was seen a line of broad brimmed hats, worn by vigilant rebels, whose eyes were looking along gleaming gun barrels, pointing toward the Union battle line.

It was calm, and a Confederate flag was limply floating from a small staff planted on the works. As the Union line came more fully into view of the Confederates, the muskets cracked sharply then there was a rush of hissing bullets and the little red twigs, among the Union ranks, were cut off and toppled over, many of them taking on a deeper hue from jets of human blood. Soldiers were being struck and were crying out in every direction. Dress coats were perforated and wads of cotton were twisted out and scattered about like thistle down. Bullets went singing by and bounding from the trees with a peculiar hum

known only to those who have been under fire. Every one who could, quickly found cover behind trees and gave back shot for shot. The line was thin and broken up, hence the force was ordered to fall back to the cover of the woods, where it was reformed. Later, re-enforcements joined, then the yell was again renewed and the whole line pressed forward and carried the pits with a rush.

Beyond the works a number of dead and wounded rebels were seen lying promiscuously between corn-hills and in depressions in the surface of the earth. The wounded were anxious to leave their exposed positions and were waving hats and handkerchiefs to attract attention. A Union soldier jumped over the pit and spoke with a wounded Confederate lad of not more than sixteen years of age. His right leg was broken and his tongue was swollen from thirst. He was placed in the bottom of the pit, his leg straightened out and bolstered with his blanket, and his thirst was quenched with water from the Union soldier's canteen.

Whistles were tooting in Richmond indicating great activity of the trains. Later, the nature of the work the trains were engaged in was made manifest by the appearance of solid masses of troops at the border of the woods and the glint of

bayonets in the sunlight, through openings in the forest. It was well known by those on the fighting line that the supports had already been withdrawn and were then on the way to Petersburg, hence these fresh arrivals gave the "Boys in Blue" considerable uneasiness regarding their ability to hold the position until darkness came to obscure the view and enable them to withdraw with any degree of safety.

A large body of Confederates now attacked the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, on the left of the Eleventh, with great fury, and drove it from the line. This movement exposed the left flank of the Eleventh to a terrific cross fire. Batteries stationed beyond the reach of Union muskets, on front and flank, redoubled their efforts. Shells screeched, sputtered and crashed through the trees and bounded along the earth.

Bullets sang and whistled over head and through the ranks, giving a peculiar thud as they severed human bones and laid low good and brave men. Hard pine trees, towering eighty feet, which stood around the works, were stripped of bark and limbs the entire length, and men were constantly falling. An order came to take cover as much as possible. Sergeant Bateman, who took a position beside a tree, as lookout to watch

a large force assembling at the edge of some woods, beyond a corn-field, was ordered to keep covered. He replied that he could not cover from all sides, with one tree. A moment later a bullet struck him in the head killing him instantly.

No Confederates being in sight the Union troops ceased fire, for they were nearly exhausted from the intense heat. A soldier sat down on the root of a large stump from which the earth had been removed to build the pit. Another soldier crowded against him and he moved his bigness toward the end to accommodate him with a seat which he barely had time to fill, before "zip", came a bullet, from the line of cross fire, furrowing his face and cutting just deep enough to carry away both eyes. A bounding shot from a battery struck the top of the pit, scattering the earth in a shower, and smashing the head of a soldier who was peering over, and tearing in pieces the body of another who stood on the high ground to the rear. The next moment an unexploded shell severed a large limb from the top of a pine tree, which came sailing down, crushing three men beneath it.

Charging and the doubling process, by reason of the cross fire, had broken Company and Regimental formation to a great extent, leaving a sort of

disorganized mass, made up of different regiments, but they seemed unitedly determined to support each other, and cling to the work as long as possible. The sentinels cried out, excitedly—"There they come!" "There they come!" This brought every man to his feet in an instant. A long line in gray, with bayonets glistening and flags flying, was seen just clearing the woods, on an elevated piece of ground across the field. There was nothing to hide them save here and there a corn stock on their left. "Boys, now's your time," said big Sergeant Fisher in Co. E. Lieut. Colonel Hill, the officer in command, gave the order "Fire!" which was several times repeated by subordinate officers, supplemented with commands to "Fire low! Fire low!" The advance of the enemy was soon checked and the order to "cease fire," was not fully heeded until some time after the last standing rebel fled to the forest.

Jokes were freely cracked during the next few moments. The top of a flag was now observed in a deep ravine in front, not more than fifty yards distant. Word ran along the ranks to be in readiness. In a few moments the flag began to move and with it the whole Confederate line came into view. The sight caused the greatest excitement.

Every man being eager to open fire, the efforts of the officers to keep them quiet until the troops cleared the ravine far enough to make their destruction certain, before they could regain shelter, was in vain. The men began firing almost at once. The color-bearer was shot dead, on the brow of the hill, falling forward on his staff, and the line was driven back, much thinned, in less than sixty seconds.

When the charge on the front began the enemy closed down on the flank and renewed the destructive cross fire. No order had been given to fall back but it became evident to Sergeant Gross, the color-bearer, that he must retreat with the flag or the banner would soon occupy a position in the Confederate Capitol at Richmond. They had closed down and were within a distance of thirty yards. Sergeant Gross tore the flag from the pit and started for the rear. Remembering however, that no order had been given to retreat, he turned back, planted the staff on the work and aided the color guard in its defense by firing several shots from his revolver in the very faces of those intent on its capture.

The heat from the sun was intense. Col. Plaisted was overcome from this cause and had been carried from the field.

Lieutenant Colonel Hill, who then assumed command, lost his right arm shortly after, but not until he had given his orders to Captain Merrill, to command the regiment, did he allow himself to be assisted to the rear. At that moment the command to march in retreat was heard above the din of battle, and men who had stood that terrible fire undaunted, for several hours, then gave way and made a wild rush across the ravine for shelter in the forest beyond. Sergeant Gross carried the colors in his arms, and was followed by the guard, one of whom, however, fell dead as he left the work. The flag staff, one and one half inches in diameter, had been shot off in three places, and the flag had been pierced by sixteen bullets.

The regiment rallied in a work, about a mile to the rear, and repulsed a strong force of the enemy which made a fierce attack about sun-set. At ten o'clock, P. M., the troops, remaining, withdrew from the front in silence, and the rising of the next sun found the tired men sleeping soundly in their tents, within the fortified lines at Deep Bottom.

The losses during these few days, from the Eleventh Maine Regiment, alone, were two field officers, three company commanders, and 144 enlisted men, from a force of three hundred and eighteen, with which the fight was opened.

Captain Minton and his scouts were on special duty until the last day of the fight, when they joined the regiment and took part in capturing the rebel work, thereby securing a position nearer Richmond than was taken by any other Union force previous to the surrender of Lee at Appomatox. He lost five men from his little squad by being closed within the rebel lines by an unexpected movement. One was killed, two were taken prisoners, and two were severely wounded. Ned was himself slightly wounded while forcing a way to freedom.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Sergeant Holmes Wounded and Taken to the Lantaler Hospital.—Love and Marriage.

WHEN Herbert Holmes went to California it was the opinion of his neighbors, who were out-spoken and active for the Union cause, that he had gone away to escape the liabilities of a draft. Even Miss Angelia Seeley, his supposed affiancée, was not averse to the use of emphatic language in condemnation of like acts in others, if she did not, through a sense of delicacy, mention the name of her old lover, when stirred with patriotism to an extent which compelled her to give vent to her feelings in language sufficiently vehement to be unmistakable in its import.

That Herb, as he was commonly called, would return previous to the close of the war, no one believed; hence, when he came unannounced and signed articles to become a volunteer in the Union service, even before he had spoken to Miss Seeley, caused more than usual comment, many surmising that that young lady had been "The Power Behind the Throne."

If his going away had been ascribed to lack of

courage or patriotism, none were now disposed to speak disrespectfully of him, for, in his every act at the front, was found cause for commendation; standing shoulder to shoulder, from the very first, with seasoned veterans, performing deeds of valor which, before he had served half a year, had gained for him the chevrons of a sergeant and words of commendation by his superiors.

The regiment, to which he belonged, came over to Deep Bottom and was engaged in the fight which terminated at Deep Run on Aug. 16th. When the advance was made that regiment held a position on the left of the Union line next the James River, and about a mile in advance of the Lantaler mansion, over which a red flag, marking it as a hospital, was now flying. In making the charge at this point, the fire poured upon the advancing column was unusually destructive, causing the line to waver.

Sergeant Holmes, who was making himself conspicuous in performing his duty as file closer, drew the deliberate aim of the enemy receiving a shot through the left arm, another through the right side and still another through the right leg, two of the wounds being severe.

He fell to the ground but the line pressed on and routed the enemy from the stronghold. He heard

the cheering of his comrades, as they entered the rebel work, then he fainted from loss of blood. When he regained consciousness he was told that he was at the Lantaler hospital and that his wounds had been dressed. He looked around and recognized many of his comrades, on cot beds, about him. He was about to ask questions when Miss Daisy Lantaler stepped to his side and laid her soft white hand across his mouth telling him he must not talk, at present; then she bathed his head while he gazed upon her sweet face. He was not fully conscious yet, in a way, realized that the conditions were strangely pleasant and satisfactory, then he closed his eyes and fell into a refreshing sleep.

When next he awoke he felt stronger and looking about him saw Capt. Ned Minton and the young lady, whom he faintly remembered as having seen before, in earnest conversation against the window across the room. He had not seen Capt. Minton since the day he raced with Desmont on the ice, yet he appeared the same Ned, only grown older in years and darker in complexion from exposure incident to campaigning beneath the rays of a fierce southern sun. When Capt. Minton and Miss Daisy Lantaler noticed that he

had awakened they crossed the room and stopped beside his cot.

Ned greeted him cordially then introduced Miss Lantaler telling him she had promised to bestow upon him special care and he had no doubt he would soon be up and about. He replied to Ned thanking him for his interest in his welfare. Ned talked with him about a furlough home, when he would become able to travel, then told him he must go now, but would see him again later. When Ned had gone Miss Lantaler arranged a rest, which supported his arm, the bone having been broken, then she fed him nourishment, bathed his head, and was attentive in various ways, manifesting so much anxiety that it was very apparent that she felt more than a passing interest in his welfare.

Sergeant Holmes felt strangely contented and happy, when she was near, and wondered if she gave others the same attention she gave him.

In a week or two a hospital boat, came from Fortress Monroe, and conveyed all who were able to be moved, to that place, where they remained until the hospital transport, Atlantic, arrived from New York, then they were sent North. All the field army nurses but one, besides Miss Lantaler, accompanied the departing patients. All were removed but Herbert Holmes, a drummer

boy who had lost a leg and an arm, and an old man who had fought in three wars, and was then suffering with three wounds, and was delirious with fever.

A surgeon from a negro regiment, then doing garrison duty in the Deep Bottom fortifications, visited the hospital once a day, otherwise, the patients were cared for by Miss Lantaler and a male attendant. With the care Sergeant Holmes was receiving he improved rapidly.

Ere many weeks he was able to sit in the bower of grape vines, which were loaded with luscious fruit, where Miss Lantaler read to him and amused him in various other ways. One day he asked her when she became acquainted with Ned Minton; then she related the story of his adventure with the guerrilla chieftain in her behalf, and was lavish in her praise of his goodness, bravery and patriotism, and predicted a happy life for the lady who succeeded in winning his love.

As Sergeant Holmes gazed upon this lovely girl, alive with animation, he sought to solve the question why he had been so strangely happy and willing to remain there, far from relations, while his comrades, suffering with more dangerous wounds, sought furloughs and willingly took

upon themselves the danger and pain of travelling to reach their homes.

Then it dawned upon him that he loved this beautiful Southern girl as he had never loved before. There was a time when Miss Seeley had held him captive yet he suspected he had never held her undivided love. There had always existed a mutual understanding, between them, yet he had never proposed or been accepted, in conformity with the general acceptation of the term, hence he felt that each, in a way, were free to form an alliance with whomsoever they chose. Then, if he sought and won a more congenial companion, one whose feelings and desires were truly responsive to his own, who could blame him. He reasoned thus as he sat in the bower beside Miss Lantaler, and deliberately summoned courage and proposed, squarely and honestly, then and there. He received an answer in the affirmative, from Miss Lantaler, supplemented with an acknowledgment of her feelings of deep love dating from the first hour she saw him wounded on his cot and insensible from loss of blood.

Ever after this hour they were a truly devoted couple, loyal to their country and loving and considerate to each other. The only notice Herbert Holmes sent Miss Seeley, was the announcement

of his engagement to Miss Lantaler, for he felt that any other message would be presumptuousness by reason of the slight understanding between them. Miss Lantaler being without a protector other than her young brother and her faithful old servant, they decided to be united in matrimony on the anniversary of her birth which occurred four weeks later. Sergeant Holmes continued in the service, however, until after the close of the war and served for a time in Petersburg as Provost Marshal.

After government by civil authority became operative in Virginia, he and his beautiful bride settled on the Lantaler estate. He engaged in the cultivation of cotton and tobacco with good success, and in the intervening years the happy couple reared many interesting children. The first born son was named Ned Minton, for the great regard Mrs. Holmes entertained for the gentleman of that name, who risked his own life, to rescue her from a condition worse than death. This young namesake, who learned the story of the capture of the guerrilla chieftain, while on his mother's knee, inherits much of her loyalty and patriotism and makes it manifest, in a small way, by annually planting flowers on the grave of the faithful old darkey, who not only remained

loyal and true to his mother while in bondage but stood by the family and continued to extend to each member the same devotion until death, although he had been repeatedly told that he was a freed man through the mandate of the Emancipation Proclamation issued by President Abraham Lincoln.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Ned Proposes to Miss Seeley.—Capturing Confederate Vedettes.

WHILE Capt. Ned Minton was in consultation with Miss Daisy Lantaler at the Lantaler mansion, then a hospital, that young lady, who had learned to trust him as her best friend, entirely worthy of her confidence, opened her heart to him, as she had never done before, and talked freely of her feelings toward Herbert Holmes, inquiring of his antecedents, and asking his advice and opinion regarding his constancy, kindness of disposition, etc. He saw that she was deeply in love, yet judging from Herbert's past intimacy with Miss Angelia Seeley he feared a requital was very improbable although he gave her no reason to draw such an inference.

His duties prevented him from again visiting the hospital, as he had promised to do, and not until he received the announcement of their engagement by a letter from Miss Angelia Seeley did he learn of the turn of events. The note bearing the news was postmarked at Fortress Monroe,

from which fact Capt. Minton inferred that that young lady was still bearing the burdens incident to hospital service at that advanced post, beyond which but two Northern white women, Mrs. R. S. Mayhew and Mrs. Charles A. L. Sampson, had as yet served in a like capacity.

The note was brief, containing no comment on the announcement of the intentions of her old lover, and no allusion to her own services, hopes, or intentions. The note apparently was hurriedly written, as if time was of first consideration. Ned judged from this that her duties were extremely onerous, and feared for her health, yet he admired her pluck and self-sacrificing spirit, manifest in her labors for humanity and country. If she took to heart the loss of her lover, and felt to condemn him for the course which he was pursuing, evidently she felt it was a secret of her own, and would remain such. The realization of these events had, to Ned, almost a fateful appearance, to work his weal or woe. That Herbert Holmes, whom he had regarded, to this time, as an impassible barrier set between him and the object of his love, of all men, should be thrown into the companionship of Miss Lantaler, and his affections won over to her, when a few months previous the couple was separated

by thousands of miles of land and water, was a mystery unsolvable. That Miss Seeley regarded him with a stronger feeling than friendship, he sometimes felt was certain, yet this was confirmed by no word or act of hers upon which he felt justified in placing such a construction.

Up to this moment he felt it a duty of honor to smother his own feelings and refrain from entering the contest which, if won, he sometimes felt, would be an uncertain victory. Now the conditions were changed and he felt he was free to act as his heart dictated, and he proposed to act at once. He sat down and penned her a brief note stating that there had been a void in his heart since that first unfortunate interview, held with her in Marshfield, years ago, which unsatisfactory association, with others, was regarded by him as proof that none but her could fill. If her feelings were reciprocal in the matter, which he dared hope they were, he requested an answer to his note, then they would plan an interview, if permission could be obtained from their superiors for leave of absence.

The run down the James river to Fortress Monroe, by hospital boat, or mail steamer, required but a few hours. The day following he received another brief epistle from Miss Seeley

acknowledging the receipt of his letter and stating that an interview, as proposed, was ardently desired, and if he could visit her that week she would ask for a day's respite from her labors to entertain him.

Ned was about to apply for a pass to the Fortress, on the steamer, when an orderly handed him an order from the General with instructions to proceed forthwith to the front with his scouts and endeavor to capture a Confederate vedette, or two, and send them to his head-quarters. He was instructed to use the utmost caution in his method of procedure in view of shielding himself and men from unnecessary liability of getting shot and also to obviate the necessity of shooting the enemy. It was suspected that Confederate troops were departing from the Deep Bottom front to re-enforce elsewhere, and if verified by the statement of prisoners, a demonstration along the line would, doubtless, be ordered to determine the strength of the remaining force and demonstrate the feasibility of trying to force another advance on Richmond from the North side of the James river.

This order at this particular time was not specially pleasing to Capt. Minton but he was never known to murmur or show a disposition to

shirk duty. He immediately assembled and marched his force to the front and when the picket line was passed he deployed it and began a cautious forward movement. He entered an almost impassible thicket of small trees, the foliage of which was thoroughly saturated with water from rains which fell the previous night. By reason of this dense growth the line became divided in the centre, one section inadvertently obliquing to the right and the other to the left to find accessible passages.

The right section was with Capt. Minton and the left section with his sergeant. The latter came upon a lone vedette, posted behind a pile of rifted wood, bordering a road running parallel with the line of pits, but a short distance to the rear. The forest was dense, to the very edge of the road, and when this lone sentinel, who proved to be a man fully sixty years of age, realized he was covered by half a dozen muskets he readily complied with the demand made upon him, to surrender, and walked across the road, bringing his gun as he was ordered to do. This was an easy and bloodless capture but Capt. Minton met with greater difficulty, a description of which is given in his own language as follows:—

“When I came out of the thicket I entered a

growth of large oak trees free from underbrush and I at once saw the location of my man who was stationed in a road running back to the rebel line, the position of the post being between two hills. I saw my method of capture, which must be bloodless, if possible. I left part of my men in front with instructions to keep running from tree to tree to attract his attention while I made a detour with the balance to come down on his flank. If ever you saw a surprised lad of eighteen summers, it was my boy of the rebel post, when he discovered the muskets with which he was covered upon turning his head at the command—"Surrender!" But he was plucky and ordered us to surrender, against the great odds which confronted him, and instantly fired at me, his shot taking effect in my sword arm. My men were about to shoot him in return and I only prevented them from doing so by hastily commanding them to hold their fire, otherwise the object of my mission, so far as this sentinel was concerned, would have been lost. The reserves were aroused but we evaded them by hastily returning to our lines with our prisoners to whom we gave a breakfast of baked beans.

After breakfast I sent them to General Foster with my compliments and a request for leave of

absence to visit Fortress Monroe for a few days, pending recovery from my wound. I received the necessary papers giving me time unlimited and an order to send my men to their several companies during my absence."

CHAPTER XXV.

Darky Music.—The Effects of War.—Ned and Miss Seeley Meet and Plight Their Troth.

THE afternoon following the capture of the vedettes in front of the Deep Bottom works by Captain Ned Minton, he departed on his leave of absence by mail steamer, which sailed from City Point for Fortress Monroe. The only event to break the monotony of the trip was a quartette of young darkies who entertained the sick and wounded by singing, patting “juba” and dancing as only young colored folks can. Ned enjoyed darky music and wit, consequently on the arrival of the boat at the Fortress he had forgotten duty and care and was in the best of spirits.

Each trip of the boat brought numbers of the sick and wounded from the front, who were cared for at Fortress Monroe until transportation could be provided to convey them to points in the Northern or Middle States. Consequently, as was customary on the arrival, ambulance drivers, with ambulances, and stretcher bearers, with

stretchers were in waiting to receive their gruesome loads. As Ned needed no assistance he stood by and watched with interest the process of handling the wounded. As he viewed the suffering he realized the horrors of war and the amount of labor required to alleviate the distress of the victims, as he never before had.

When the last soldier had been removed from the boat he followed on and entered the hospital. All the surgeons, nurses and assistants were busily engaged in caring for those who had recently arrived and for those who came at a previous date. He looked the length of the ward and, near the farther end, he observed a neat figure which he felt sure was Miss Seeley, flitting from cot to cot, arranging a pillow for this lad, giving a cooling drink to that one, and serving soft and nourishing food to some hungry soul who had been fasting, perforce, perhaps for many hours, by reason of a broken jaw or face wound of a more serious nature.

He noticed she carried a note-book and pencil suspended by a cord about her neck, and frequently made notes for some sick or dying soldier, while sitting beside his cot, from which, he judged, letters were to be written bearing intelligence of their condition to absent friends or, perchance,

the dying words of a beloved son to his anxious old mother far away. He saw that eager eyes were watching her in a vain endeavor to get her attention, if but for one brief moment; then he realized in some degree the burden she was bearing, her nobleness of character, her self-sacrificing spirit, her patriotic nature and her sympathetic and loving disposition.

As she came nearer, in making her rounds, he noticed she had lost her red cheeks, yet she appeared sprightly and cheerful. Her presence to her patients was as a ray of sun-light in a darkened room. However feeble the condition of a soldier, when she approached his cot she was greeted with a smile. All this, Ned noted, then he advanced and was recognized. She came quickly to his side and extended her hand to greet him, then, seeing he was wounded, her lips turned white and she would have fallen had he not encircled her waist with his left arm and conducted her to a seat.

Ned saw that her nerves were at a tension, and approaching the head surgeon, requested her release from duty, expressing the belief that unless she had needed rest she would fail under her burden. His request was granted, but before she accepted her release she returned to her post and

worked diligently until the last man of the new arrivals was cared for and made as comfortable as his condition would admit, then she rejoined him and they strolled to the shore to breathe the open sea air which she so much needed. While seated side by side they whispered the story of their love which had been mutual from the first time they were thrown together in the little town of Marshfield. They now plighted their troth and laid plans for the future.

Words of love and trust were whispered and they became hopeful that a bright and blissful future yet awaited them after the close of the cruel war, but until then, their country was entitled to, and would receive a continuation of their best services.

The ten days which Ned and Miss Seeley spent together were days never to be forgotten. By the interchange of sentiment and opinion, they drew patriotic inspiration, and now they felt they were both the better prepared to resume the duties incident to their positions, voluntarily assumed, and being each assured of the love and confidence of the other, they would hopefully await the closing of the war for a fulfillment of the pledges, through which, they felt, they would

find a realization of their dream of true love worthily bestowed.

When Ned announced his intention to return to the front Miss Seeley tearfully clung to him while conflicting emotions, with love on the one side and duty on the other, wrung her soul. She knew well the danger to which he was returning; dangers exemplified before her in the ghastly wounds and the agony of the dying, every hour, and in one short day, she felt he might be returned to her a bleeding corpse.

Then, what wonder, she wavered for a moment. Her feelings were but human and the conditions, she felt, were not magnified. It was almost a sure result, especially with Ned, whose position placed him under double danger, seen and unseen, both day and night.

She wrung from him a promise that he would not needlessly expose himself, then she bade him good-by. They stood upon the wharf together until the steamer was ready to start, then he stepped on board and with a last wave of her handkerchief, as the boat was going from sight, the interview was closed, and she returned to bury her sorrow in caring for those who joyfully greeted her re-appearance.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Ned Rides Into a Squad of Undeployed Pickets.—
Wild Nancy.—Other Incidents of the Last Days
of the War.—The Surrender.—Resignation
and Reunion.—Marriage.—A Settlement
in the South.—A Happy Home.

ON the return of Captain Ned Minton to Deep Bottom, Va., from his visit to Miss Angelia Seeley at Fortress Monroe, he went directly to head-quarters and reported for duty, notwithstanding his arm was yet in a sling. General Foster, who was yet in command, was pleased to see him for he had need of his valuable services.

A Confederate force having recently arrived in his front, the General was anxious to learn their numbers and from whence they came. He ordered Ned to take two of his men and go out mounted and try to gain the information, and to do so in his own way.

Ned started at once and rode about a mile into the interior, and seeing no enemy he swung to the left and struck for the river. Suddenly, on coming into a small clearing, he rode upon a company of undeployed pickets. They closed around him,

giving him no chance to flee, and the officer in command laughingly asked Ned where he was going. "One might suppose," said Ned, "I came out to find some one to escort me into Richmond, but I did not. I rode out to get the news by exchanging papers." Luckily he had the latest papers, purchased on the boat, the previous day, and hauled them from his pocket. "This is pretty cool," said the rebel officer. "Let me see your papers." Ned laughingly handed them to him, and, as they were of a late date, the exchange was made. "Well, said the rebel officer good naturedly, I see your arm is in a sling, and you look as if you were telling the truth. I guess I will let you go, but I must say you took a great deal of pains to come so far and to come in our rear too." Ned was anxious to get away for fear the good-natured "rebel" might change his mind, so he whirled his horse and as he gave him the spurs he heard the officer call out—"Remember, sir, that you can't play exchange of papers with me to-morrow."

The weeks and months wore away carrying with them victory and defeat, joy and sorrow. The last days of the war were near at hand. That Petersburg and Richmond could not hold out against Grant's vastly superior forces, when

the advance was made, was conceded by both Union and Confederate officers. Colonel Taylor, of General Lee's staff, noted in his diary under date of March 27th, 1865: "There appears to be an unaccountable apathy and listlessness in high places" and other words disparaging to the Confederate cause.

Lee's plan would have been to cut loose from Richmond and Petersburg long before he attempted it and join his army with Johnson's, but he was forced to hold on until April 3rd., by reason of the necessity of caring for the safety of the Confederate Government. On the above date he attempted to retreat up the south side railroad to Lynchburg. His works at Richmond and Petersburg were abandoned and by eight o'clock that morning the Stars and Stripes were waving over the Confederate Capitol. Lee was in full retreat and men in the advance line were in high glee. They broke limbs from peach-trees in full bloom, and inserted them in the muzzles of their rifles, giving the column a holiday appearance.

Orders were posted on trees by the roadside informing those who were inclined to forage that citizens would be protected in their property rights, and any violation would be attended by

severe penalties. Notwithstanding these warnings many helped themselves to whatever came to hand. A portly Dutchman arrayed himself in a hoop-skirt and thought it a nice joke until he was discovered by the commander and sentenced to continue to wear it until sun-down.

Horses and mules were regarded as free plunder and, wherever found, were usually taken along. There was one, however, which was regarded as exempt from conscription, "Wild Nancy" as she was called. She belonged to a dignified old Virginian, who smiled blandly when he saw several troopers vault over the fence to the yard, where she was demurely eating a ration of corn husks. "Nancy," said the old Virginian, "those are Yanks, and I shall give you and a two-quart jar of my best peach brandy to the first one who succeeds in maintaining a mount on your back for thirty seconds."

This announcement caused a hustle among the troopers for precedence in effort, for they were all thorough horsemen and full of confidence. The most agile of the lot succeeded in mounting her back to find himself the next second, sprawling outside the enclosure. She launched out at another, who barely cleared her heels, which slivered a rail in the fence, then made for a third,

with ears set back and mouth wide open. By this time the yard was cleared and she resumed eating her corn fodder.

While the boys were looking her over and wondering whether or not she was composed of evolutions of lightning, an old darkey came hobbling from the rear of the stable and queried "Does you uns want to borry dat mare?" "If you duz, massa tole me he wuz a Union man, and I cud len her to any Yank." With this remark he entered the yard, bridled and led her beside a box, from which perch he laboriously climbed to her back and rode her away to water.

The troopers looked at each other with wonder, and, doubtless, it would be hard to convince them that that mare was void of comprehension or an understanding of the English language, and was not as firm a believer in State Rights as the most ardent secessionist.

Shortly after, Capt. Ned Minton came along with his scouts, and, his horse being jaded, he bantered the old Virginian, who was sitting on the veranda, for a trade. The old native looked Ned over with a pitying expression, and remarked—"The Confederacy, I suppose, is about done to and Yankees han't much more to live for. If you feel that way, you may try to saddle "Wild Nancy," and if you

can, you will be entirely welcome to her." Ned rode down to the bars, dismounted, and spoke kindly to Nancy. She came to him, reached her head over the fence and rested it on his shoulder. He stripped the saddle from his own horse, entered the yard, and buckled it upon Nancy's back, bridled her, then mounted, and rode away, while the planter sat a speechless witness to the transaction.

Ned had been constantly on duty since Apr. 3rd, save a few hours rest obtained between midnight and four o'clock on two or three occasions, and it was now the eighth day of the month. Like many others he was living, principally, on excitement, scouting among the broken columns of the enemy, and rendering valuable service by keeping the commanding general posted relating to the different courses pursued or attempted by the disconcerted enemy.

About three o'clock, on the morning of the 9th, he was up and ordered his men to get their breakfast. After breakfast he moved to the front. At daylight a fierce musketry fire began, and it was rumored Lee was trying to force a break in the Union lines. He went forward and met the Union cavalry falling back. When the enemy came in sight, on either side of the pike, Ned dismounted his men and fell into line with the infantry placed to check them. This onset was short and sharp and proved to be the last of the war.

The enemy was now routed at every point, the line here falling back through a large field, beyond which could be seen the roof of Appomatox Court House. Soon white flags were displayed along the front, followed by an order to cease fire; then there was a mighty shout and cry of—"The war is over!" "The war is over!"

Pending negotiations for terms of surrender, thousands of exhausted soldiers threw themselves upon the ground and slept soundly, as they had not done for weeks.

The war being over there was no further need of scouts, consequently, Capt. Minton and his men rejoined the regiment, then assigned to duty in and about Richmond. He afterwards served for a while on detached service acting as provost marshal in an outlying district.

Some of the duties devolving upon him as marshal were very unpleasant, especially to administer the "Iron clad oath" to females about to marry. All such before they could marry were forced to swear allegiance to the United States Government and also that they would teach all children, they might bear, to support the Constitution and the laws.

This, and other orders which he thought unduly severe, and lacking in magnanimity to a vanquished but brave and chivalrous people, were so distasteful to him that his very nature rebelled against ordering their enforcement. Feeling thus, he judged that his country had no special need of

further service from him, and sent in his resignation, which was accepted a few days later. With many regrets he bade his faithful scouts and army acquaintances farewell, and sailed down the James river, taking a last look at familiar spots along the banks with varied feelings of satisfaction and regret.

Miss Angelia Seeley had been notified of his intentions, and when she received a letter stating that his resignation had been accepted and requesting her to accompany him North the following day, she became in a flutter of excitement and joy. She also obtained her release and immediately began packing her belongings.

The greater part of the patients had been sent away to Philadelphia, Washington and New York, and as the stream of wounded from the front had entirely ceased to flow, and few sick were coming in, she too regarded her work as ended.

When, a few hours later, she left the hospital to join Ned on the boat she thought she never saw the sun shine so brightly nor heard the birds sing so sweetly. The nation had passed through four years of war, the most terrible ever known, and now peace rested upon its shot-riddled banners. She felt she had played some small part in the mighty contest and could with pride rejoice in the victory. Her deepest anxiety, for the past few months, had been for Ned. Since being assured of his love, the words which gave her that assurance had been weighed and re-weighed, in her mind,

until their import was fully understood, and the fear that some unseen event would arise to deprive her from realizing the fulfillment of her desires, had constantly harrowed her soul.

Then what wonder that she rushed to his arms, when the boat touched the wharf, and rested her head upon his breast, like a tired child, and wept tears of joy, while listening to his assuring and comforting words.

The boat which bore them away from the scenes of conflict and labor of nearly four years duration, was a transport bound for Washington. While viewing the beautiful scenery along the banks of the Potomac, as they ascended that river to Alexandria, they realized their mutual affinity as they never before had, and in trust and confidence made plans to be united on reaching the Capitol city.

The place selected for the event was the residence of a friend, a Mr. Jason, situated in an oak grove on Meridian Hill. Mr. Jason, who held an important position in the Dead Letter Office, was an actively loyal man, who had given his only son to serve as a private in the Eleventh Maine, and opened his house to the sick of that regiment while stationed in Washington. His good wife attended the patients and shared in all the deprivations, labors and sacrifices incident to those of her husband and son.

On arriving in the city, Ned and his intended drove to Meridian Hill and when Mr. and Mrs.

Jason learned that Ned was a member of the Eleventh, they were greeted with the greatest cordiality.

In that section, in those days, loyalty with the loyal was the password to enter into the enjoyment of every luxury obtainable with the means at hand; consequently it may here be stated for a certainty that the wedding of Capt. Ned Minton and Miss Angelia Seeley was an event of considerable importance even in the swell society of Washington.

After the honeymoon, spent in visiting the public buildings and viewing the scenery about the District, Ned engaged for a few months as Claim Agent, then with his bride, grown more beautiful with her years of maturity, he visited the home and scenes of his youth.

Later they removed to Florida and settled on an orange farm where they have since resided. In the years that have intervened since the war many children have been born to Mrs. Minton, who yet retains, to a great degree, the beauty of her youthful days; and should you visit Jacksonville and inquire for the residence of the most prosperous orchardist, with the most charming and accomplished family in the orange belt, doubtless you would be directed to the home of Capt. Ned Minton, who is well known and highly respected by the people, white and black, in all that region.

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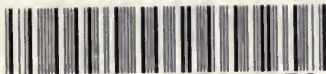
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